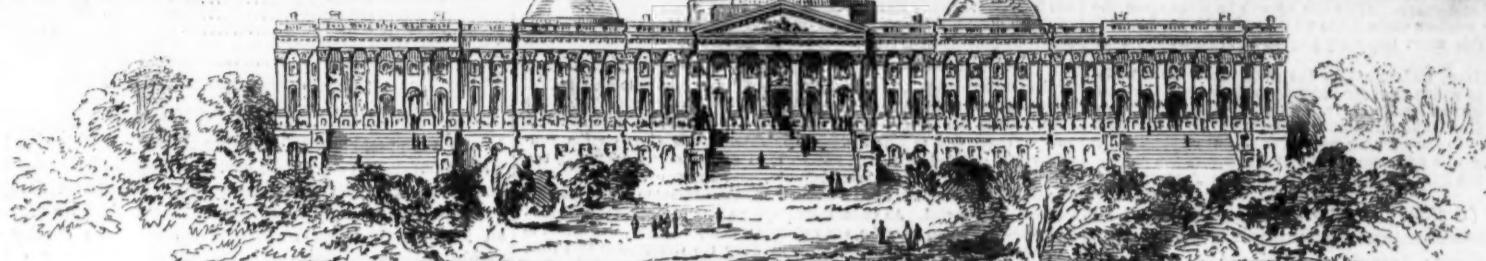


FRANK LESLIE'S THE LITHOGRAPHEO NEWSPAPER



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.

From Cincinnati to Columbus—Arrival at Columbus—Escorted to the Governor's Room—The President at Cleveland—The President meets Ex-President Fillmore at Buffalo—Arrival of the President at Albany—At Troy—Arrival at New York—The President at the City Hall, &c.

From Cincinnati to Columbus.

In our last number we left Mr. Lincoln at Cincinnati, which city he left on the 13th. His departure was attended with little ceremony. At nine o'clock the President elect with his family drove to the depot, where a large crowd had gathered. An eye-witness says that his appearance was careworn, and his face crowded with wrinkles. It must be confessed that, although he travels only in the daytime, yet the labor is great, since the stoppages are very numerous, and he is obliged or expected to make a speech at all of them. On his way from Cincinnati to Columbus he made nearly half a dozen. The principal ones were at Morrow, Xenia and London, at all of which places there were great concourses of people. At Xenia they acted more like crazy people than American citizens. Here rather an amusing episode occurred. We quote from our friend Howard of

the Times, and knowing his appreciation of the good things of this world, we cordially re-echo his sorrows:

"It was about one o'clock when we reached that point, and as we had breakfasted quite early in the morning, the anticipated and promised lunch was regarded most favorably by the several eyes of faith, and the various unemployed digesting apparatus that floated and uncomfortably moved from seat to seat most restlessly. Imagine the feelings of the President elect, of all the corporals, of the high and mighty, of the four reporters and the untitled hangers-on, when it was announced by the chairman of the gastronomic department that a lunch, varied and extensive in its dainties, had been prepared, had been left on the table in the depot, and had been devoured by the voracious and Democratic crowd, who now, with well-filled paunches, with bread and buttery hands, and with the most comfortable abdominal sensations, were clamoring for a third speech from their dear old Rail-Splitter."

The philosopher of the party seems to be the Prince of Ralls, or the President Lincoln's eldest son, for the historian relates that he took out his meerschaum and puffed vigorously.

We have not space to dilate upon the little passage of arms between Miss Mary Jane Stuart and Old Abe, although it involved a nosegay and a kiss, nor will we say anything of the young damsels

who begged the President to let his whiskers grow. The gravity of the occasion compels us to skip these episodes.

The Arrival at Columbus.

The State House of Columbus is a fine imposing building, and the reception was worthy the occasion and the *locus*. Great credit is due to the various State and local officials who managed it, prominent amongst whom was Adjutant-General Carrington, of this State, on whom devolved the entire charge of the party during their trip through Ohio. Drawn up before the depot was a very fine array of military; at one end of the line was a cannon, which momentarily thundered out a hearty *how-are-you*; carriages for the guests, one and all, little and big, were provided at the other end of the line, while far off, as far as the eye could reach, and in numbers so great that no mortal man could easily number them, stretched thousands and thousands of cheering, hurrahing, welcoming citizens. A fine band of music preceded the procession, and while the multitude rolled after, like the waves of the ocean, and their voices roared afar off like the sound of many waters, the President elect was drawn in hospitable triumph to the State Capitol.

He is escorted to the Governor's Room
Through lines of unarmed men, in which elegantly furnished cham-



THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY—RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN BY FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR OF NEW YORK, AT THE CITY HALL, ON WEDNESDAY, MAR. 20TH, 1861—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

ber Governor Dennison felicitously greeted him. After a general shake around Mr. Lincoln was led into the hall of the Legislature, where were sitting in joint session the two bodies—the Upper and the Lower—while in beauteous circle vast numbers of smiling ladies with graceful courtesy waved their savory handkerchiefs and gladdened the heart of the nation's choice by their encouraging smiles and bright, loving glances.

Lieutenant-Governor Kirk had the honor of welcoming Mr. Lincoln, and may congratulate himself upon having drawn from the lips of the wary Illinoisian a speech which, for kindly sentiment, and for cheering import, has not been equalled in many a day, and which, ere this, sent as it has been, by the lightning wire, into all parts of the country, has gladdened the hearts of patriots, and set at rest the fears of statesmen. After the speech he went upon the left extreme of the western steps, from which point he commanded a splendid view of this most imposing pageant. Here he again addressed the crowd.

The same assemblage, undaunted by the mud upon the streets, followed the carriage which conveyed him to the Governor's private residence, where with the family of Mr. Dennison and his immediate circle, Mr. Lincoln dined and subsequently rested prior to the ovation of the evening. In the evening he was the guest of Mr. Dennison, whose charming wife and daughters lent a grace to the scene.

At seven o'clock the next morning the whole party started for Pittsburgh.

(Continued on page 232.)

Barnum's American Museum.

SPLendid Dramatic Performances Every After-NOON AND EVENING, at three and half-past seven o'clock.

Old Adams' California Menagerie, the Living Black Sea Lion, Antec Children, Mammoth Bear Samson, Albino Family from Madagascar, What Is It? Thirty Monster Snakes, Living Seal, Living Happy Family, the \$150 Speckled Brook Trout, Double-Voiced Singer, and \$50,000 Curiosities.

Admission 25cts. Children under ten, 15cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1861.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—The Queen opened Parliament in person on the 5th. She was received with the usual deep devotedness of British loyalty. She alluded to the satisfactory close of the Chinese war, and hoped that the moderation of European potentates would preserve peace. The Italian question was thus treated:

"Events of great importance are taking place in Italy. Believing that the Italians ought to be left to settle their own affairs, I have not thought it right to exercise any active interference in those matters. Papers on the subject will be laid before you."

The passage, however, which most concerns us is the following allusion to our present troubles:

"Serious differences have arisen among the States of the North American Union. It is impossible for me to look without great concern upon any event which can affect the happiness and welfare of a people purely allied to my subjects by descent and closely connected with them by the most intimate and friendly relations. My heartfelt wish is that these differences may be susceptible of satisfactory adjustment. The interest which I take in the well-being of the people of the United States cannot but be increased by the kind and cordial reception given by them to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the Continent of America."

Mrs. Gore, the novelist, Birkett Foster and Burford, the artists, are dead.

France.—The Emperor opened the French Legislature on the 4th of February. He is very vague. He says that his sympathy with an unfortunate king induced him to keep his fleet at Gaeta for a month, but finding his actions misconstrued, he has withdrawn it.

The London Times, in reviewing the speech, finds nothing whatever that is reassuring. It says the speech "gives no reason for the immense increase of the army and navy; no account of the foreign relations of the country, and no assurance of her good understanding with any other country. We seek in vain for the slightest hint of the policy which France is about to pursue. Such a speech cannot, ought not, to reassure any one. The presence of a French squadron at Gaeta shows how lightly the policy of non-intervention can be thrown aside at the bidding of mere sympathies and antipathies; and, as regards the future, who can feel reassured by being told that France will act on the principles of right and justice, as if Savoy and Nice had been rightly and justly annexed, or as if any nation ever went to war proclaiming that it drew the sword in a case of wrong and injustice?"

The Syrian question is to be settled by a Conference at Paris.

The Patterson and Prince Napoleon case is pending.

The Prussian General, who went to announce the death of the late King of Prussia, was so offended at some remarks of the Emperor that he refused to attend the Court ball.

Everything was very active in the army and navy department.

Italy.—The siege of Gaeta still continues. The Italian elections had resulted in Count Cavour's favor.

Prince Cavour had gone to Mola di Gaeta. The journey is said to be in connection with negotiations for the surrender of Gaeta.

It is stated that in the Abruzzi the war has been most sanguinary—no quarter given or asked for. An official report by General Rocca announces that confidence and tranquillity were returning throughout the whole frontier of the Abruzzi.

It is stated to be Count Cavour's intention to propose the following four points to the Italian Parliament: First, a loan of from three to five hundred millions of francs; second, a declaration conferring the title of King of Italy upon Victor Emanuel; third, the calling out of all the military reserve; and fourth, full powers to be granted to the King for an unlimited period.

Fardinia had claimed the restoration of the soldiers made prisoners by the Papal Zouaves, and had arrested the Bishop of Sabini as a hostage.

A telegram from Berlin says: "General La Marmora has repeatedly declared to the Prussian Government that Fardinia has no intention of attacking Venetia; he made no other political declaration."

The General is reported to have been much dissatisfied with his reception at the Prussian Court.

Garibaldi.—It was currently reported and believed that this famous man had suddenly left Capri with his suite, and was on his way to Dalmatia; but the latest news contradicts this. On the 14th of February he was still among his cabbages and goats at Capri; but how soon some flight of fancy may take him to new adventures none can tell.

Denmark.—The Diet had closed its sittings. The King, in his reply to the President of the Chambers, had said, "Should they come near us my people will defend themselves, and I call upon them to do so."

The semi-official *Berlingske Tidende* observes:

"Should German troops enter Holstein without being called upon to do so by our sovereign and contrary to his wish, a violation of territory would then take place, and the Federal Diet would, in fact, have to declare war against Denmark. War at the present moment would be inconvenient for Germany, and is, consequently, convenient for Denmark. A state of armed peace exhausts the strength of a country, and weakens popular enthusiasm, without which a small people cannot make war. By a blockade we can now damage the commerce of Germany, and ruin the Prussian ports for a long period. The conflict must therefore now terminate either by war or by negotiation."

Japan.—A Calcutta telegram of the 11th of January says news had been received there that the landing of the American Ambassador had been repulsed at Japan. As we have sent no Ambassador to Japan, and as Mr. Harris has been landed nearly three years, this must be an error.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

In the Senate on Saturday, the 16th, Mr. Seward's amendment to the Tariff bill extending the time for the payment of duties to three years instead of ninety days, leaving the warehousing system without alteration, passed by a vote of twenty-five to eighteen. The Conference Committee on the Deficiency Bill reported that they had come to an agreement respecting the amendments. The Chirkul amendment has been stricken from the bill. On Monday the Tariff bill was again discussed. An amendment to reduce the duty on books was rejected. An amendment levying a duty of four cents per pound on tea and half a cent on coffee, and reducing the duty on sugar, was agreed to by a vote of 23 to 19. An amendment reducing the Government loan from twenty-one millions to ten millions, with a promise that no part of the loan be applied in the present fiscal year, was agreed to.

In the House the Military Committee reported a bill supplemental to the acts of 1795 and 1817, providing for the calling forth of the militia for the execution of the laws of the Union, the suppression of insurrection and repelling invasion, so as to extend their provisions to the case of insurrection against the authority of the United States, and authorize the President, in cases where it may be lawful, to use the militia in addition to the army and navy; to accept the services of volunteers as cavalry, infantry and artillery, and officer the same. Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, objected to the second reading of the bill, and the question being taken on its rejection, it was decided in the negative by a vote of 67 against 110. Mr. John Cochrane, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill appropriating \$50,000 for the survey of northern water courses and islands in the Pacific Ocean and Behring's Straits, in view of telegraphic communication from the mouth of the Amoor, in Asia, to some point on the confines of the Russian possessions, thus telegraphically uniting the United States with Europe. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. The Senate bill organizing the Territory of Colorado was passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to speeches on the crisis.

In the Senate, on the 19th, the Tariff Bill was the only theme of discussion. In the House, Mr. Fenton, of New York, presented a resolution affirming, as the judgment of the House, that the existing troubles of the country should be referred to the National Convention, to be called in the mode prescribed in the Constitution. The bill authorizing the President to accept the services of volunteers was then taken up, the question being on its third reading and engrossment. The bill was strongly opposed by the Democrats, and the discussion was warm and irritating. Mr. Bocock moved to lay the subject on the table, which was decided in the negative by a vote of 65 to 105. The Senate resolution repealing the act of last session for the benefit of Dugroot was adopted. The Naval Appropriation Bill was taken up, the question being on agreeing with the Senate's amendments. The amendment providing for the construction of additional steam sloops-of-war was discussed till the recess. The evening session was devoted to debates on the crisis.

On the 20th, in the Senate, the House Bill authorising the discontinuance of the mails in States where the postal service is liable to be interfered with, was taken up. An amendment was offered, that the Postmaster-General be directed to discontinue the mail service in the seceded States, and make arrangements with the Government of the Southern Confederacy for inter postal communication therein. Without taking action on the subject the bill was laid aside, and the discussion of the Tariff Bill was resumed. The amendment reducing the duty on sugar, and placing a duty on tea and coffee, was agreed to, the tax to continue two years. A five per cent duty on wool was also agreed to. Several other amendments were adopted, and the bill was passed by a vote of 25 to 14.

In the House, Mr. Bocock of Virginia, occupied the morning hour in an elaborate speech in opposition to the bill empowering the President to call out the military forces of the country and accept the services of volunteers. He characterized the Bill as a declaration of war against the seceded States. The Naval Bill was taken up, the question being on agreeing to the Senate's amendment providing for the construction of seven steam sloops-of-war. The position was warmly opposed by the Democrats, but the amendment was agreed to by a vote of 111 to 38. In the evening session, Mr. Rufin, of North Carolina, made a speech in favor of secession. In the course of his remarks he spoke of Mr. Buchanan as a driveller, and General Scott as guilty of usurpation.

PRACE CONGRESS.—The very magnitude of the interests at stake has made the deliberations of this body cautious, almost to vacillation. On Saturday the plan of adjustment was the subject of a long and most earnest debate. Mr. Baldwin, of Connecticut, moved to substitute his proposition for a National Convention in lieu of the committee's plan. Mr. Guthrie opposed the motion, and urged the Convention to take immediate action. There was considerable difference of opinion respecting the meaning of the plan of adjustment as regards the Territorial question—whether it applied to existing territory only, or also to that to be hereafter acquired. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, said he should move an amendment so as to exclude future acquisitions of territory from the operations of the compromise. The discussion lasted until three o'clock, when the Convention adjourned till next morning, when several amendments to the Guthrie proposition were made, as well as a substitute for it, but after considerable debate they were all rejected. This is considered as decisive in favor of the Guthrie proposition. The discussion on Monday turned chiefly on the Territorial question. Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, made a strong anti-compromise speech. He is, indeed, one of the Northern senators.

The 19th February may be called the dies non of this famous Congress. For the whole sitting was spent in discussing whether the members shall confine themselves to half hour speeches or be allowed to speak ad infinitum and usque ad nauseam. Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, and without any chance of No. 38 coming to put it out, is but a poor parallel to such a waste of precious time. It must, however, be conceded, that the public has lost all confidence in this assemblage.

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS AT MONTGOMERY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the Provisional President of the Southern Confederacy, arrived in Montgomery, on the 17th. His progress from Mississippi to the capital of Alabama was a complete ovation. He made twenty-five speeches en route. The tone of all was the same. He said "that the time for compromises was past—that the South was determined to maintain their position, and make all who opposed them smell Southern powder and taste Southern steel. That their separation from the Union was complete, and that no compromise could or would be entertained. If the North attempted coercion there would be war." It is needless to add that these ultra sentiments were loudly cheered by large multitudes.

On Monday, the 18th February, the important ceremony of his inauguration was performed. The solemnity of the proceeding gave it an almost unnatural grandeur. At one o'clock, President Davis delivered his Inaugural Address. It breathed the same sentiments as we have noted above. The most emphatic parts are these. After declaring that the separation of North and South was a fixed fact, he went on and said, "An agricultural people, whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country; our true policy is peace, and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell, and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the North-eastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that mutual interest would invite good will and kind offices. If, however, passion or lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth."

How far he was justified in this sentence, the reader can judge: "Actuated only by a desire to preserve our own rights and to promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by no aggression upon others, and followed by no domestic convulsion. Our industrial pursuits have received no check, the cultivation of our fields progresses as heretofore, and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution in the production of the staples which have constituted our exports, in which the commercial world has an interest scarcely less than our own. This common interest of producer and consumer can only be interrupted by an exterior force which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets, a course

of conduct which would be detrimental to manufacturing and commercial interests abroad."

At night the city was splendidly illuminated, and the President of the great Southern Confederacy held a levee at the Estelle House.

The Congress of the Southern Confederacy was engaged on the 19th in discussing their Tariff. Breadstuffs are to be admitted free—so are all other provisions; and also munitions of war. A very important resolution was also adopted, viz.: That goods and merchandise of every description bought of the Northern States before the 1st of March, and imported into the Southern States before the 14th, were to be admitted free of duty. After that period, all importations, with the before mentioned exceptions, are to be subject to duties.

It is said that the President of the Southern Confederacy has selected the following gentlemen as his Cabinet:

Secretary of State	Herschell V. Johnson, Ga.
Secretary of War	P. O. Hebert, La.
Secretary of the Navy	S. R. Mallory, Fla.
Secretary of the Interior	W. Porcher Miles, S. C.
Post Office Department	J. H. Hempill, Texas.
Attorney General	John A. Elmore, Ala.

Unpaid Thought.

WHEN a man eminent in letters or in politics obtuses himself *à la Lamartine* on the public as a fit recipient of a heavy tribute, and clamors for thousands as a proper reward for the good he has done, we are very properly disgusted. And we regret such an instance the more because it benumbs the charity which would otherwise have flown spontaneously to many other deserving objects. The world, seeing a rich man begging to be made richer, exclaims against the avarice, folly and unthrift of genius, and the upshot is that one weak brother seriously injures a score of the more deserving.

If we look at plain facts and common sense we shall, however, find that the world does great injustice to its leading minds and to itself by requiring of men of genius that they should do its work and fight its battles entirely at their own expense. It is scarcely possible to name a thinker, a writer, a reformer, an art-critic, a journalist, a man urging improvements in agriculture or education, or a poet, who has not a very great influence on the world and its ways. We are warranted by experience and inquiry long directed to this subject in saying that the action on the world by men of this stamp is not merely enormous—it is fairly incalculable. It was once a mystery to the world how it was that strange plants sprung up in strange places—how germs developed themselves in soil whence all visible seed had been carefully excluded—and at the same time the world was wont to be entertained with much philosophising on the spontaneous growth of genius. The microscope and statistics of general information have done away with much of this marvel. Thought, like love, is all penetrating.

"Over the mountains
And under the waves ;
Over the fountains
And under the graves."

Over and under all fly the white-winged soul-butterflies of printed sheets, awaking, like Psyche, life and light wherever they go.

Yet the world, almost to an individual, exacts of its leaders, its teachers, of the men who conduct its faiths and opinions and tastes, that they shall do all this in a great measure at their own expense, in a state of semi-poverty, with the cheering prospect of an old age of destitution. Is not this the case with a great majority of those men of genius to whom the world has acknowledged its deepest obligations? What more hazardous experiment can any man try than to leave the beaten track of industry and of money-making for the extremely dangerous career of exerting genius, of acting philanthropically, of promoting reforms, of expanding art, of doing good? Possibly his books may sell; he may (if he will sacrifice the main question so as to be "entertaining") become a tolerably "popular" lecturer. Unfortunately, by no means insignificant proportion of the most important books ever written have not been "popular," so as to sell in a remunerative manner. We know of one American book which has made the author an undying reputation, which has been translated into half the languages of Europe and called forth the correspondence of a hundred bodies of savants, yet from the sales of which the author never received more than a hundred dollars. According to the vulgar judgment of the world which was greatly benefited by this book, its author made a

announced, when Mr. Banks was elected Speaker, that a colored person had been chosen for that high distinction.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, is thus described by a Montgomery correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*:

"The personnel of Mr. Stephens is very striking. He has the appearance of having undergone great bodily anguish, and his advanced age and gray hairs contribute to give to his eye a restless, nervous movement. His size is medium and figure remarkably slim. His forehead is much wrinkled, and his locks flow over the shoulders, which stoop very much. A habit of wearing the hat advanced to the left gives to his whole contour an appearance at once remarkable and prepossessing."

We quote the above with the double purpose of giving a personal portrait of a famous man, and of showing in what our friend of the *Courier* considers the prepossessing to consist. We are afraid the fair ladies of Carolina would not endorse his opinion.

Spinola, of Albany, is a wag. During the debate in the State Legislature on Monday, as to the manner in which Mr. Lincoln should be received, he got possession of the floor, and gravely moved these resolutions:

"Whereas, There is an irrepressible conflict existing between members of the Republican party, relative to the reception of Mr. Lincoln; therefore,

"Resolved, That we request Mr. Lincoln to switch off at Troy, and go straight to New York, and that the clerk be directed to telegraph to the President elect the request of the Senate."

"This excited great merriment, but Spinola kept a steady face, and continued as follows:

"Mr. Chairman—This resolution is an eminently proper one. What is the use of bringing Mr. Lincoln here, when the members of his own party are fighting about the section which should have charge of him? I am glad enough to see this row (laughter), for these two sections are like the Kilkenny cats, eating each other up. (Loud laughter.)

"Several Senators—Withdraw the resolution.

"Spinola—I think you had better pass it. It is a very sensible resolution. (Laughter.) But if you really want to see Lincoln, I'll withdraw it."

As the people of Albany did want to see the Coming Man of the White House, he did withdraw it!

We copy the following from the news by the *Jura*:

"The news from India is unimportant. A famine prevailed in the north-west provinces."

This is a straw to show what the journalists consider important. A quarrel between Palmerston and Napoleon would have been considered important, but the starvation of millions is not a sensational item.

Our Readers will remember that some time ago a few of our wealthiest merchants visited Washington, for the purpose of saving the Union. Did these patriotic millionaires find the work impossible or distasteful? For after passing the following resolutions they departed for New York:

"Under these circumstances your committee can only suggest that all possible means be used to neutralise the efforts of men at the North, who are acted on by views and purposes as hostile to the Union as those which govern the leaders of Secession; of men who encourage resistance to every reasonable concession that conflicts with party dogmas and party ends."

"Many Representatives in Congress, patriotic and good men, need but to know the public sentiment of the North in order to be governed by it. Failing to acquire it through other channels, they look to the papers published North for guidance and direction. If immediate and good results are to be obtained, your committee would recommend that it be exerted through these organs wherever established."

The inference is inevitable that the merchants went as agents for the Associated Press of New York.

A Contemporary somewhat given to praising itself publishes the following little bit of epistolary flattery:

"*Le Roy*, Dodge County, Wis., Feb. 15, 1861.

"To the Editors of the ——.
"I raise wheat for a living, and work hard to raise it, and have to live poor into the bargain. I have just sold some as good wheat as ever was ground for 62½ cents per bushel, to get a little money to send you for the ——."

"W. H. W."

The place it is dated from suggests whether it may not be a dodge. At all events, the fact that a man had starved himself merely to pay for his paper is most remarkable, and we suggest that the editors return the money forthwith. Sam Johnson pawned his coat to buy a Scaliger; but what is that to selling one's loaf for a newspaper? The man must have been corned.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The President at the Academy of Music.

We did not go to the opera to see Mr. Lincoln, we went there to hear the charming music of "Un Ballo in Maschera," and as we were there first we consider that our new President came to see us, and we tender him our thanks for the distinguished compliment. There was a very brilliant assemblage present, and a most unusual display of female beauty, enough to dazzle any one unaccustomed to the magnificent features of metropolitan society. There was but little apparent excitement, but countless fair heads were turned to the right and to the left, as though undecided in which quarter the expected apparition would appear. But the introduction passed over and no sign being given, the audience settled down to listen to the music. Brignoli sang most charmingly, and Miss Hinkley warbled her Arietta like a bird. We were silently enjoying all this, when a buzz and burr aroused us, and turning to the left, we beheld one thousand double-barrelled opera-glasses all turned in one direction to the right. We followed the stream of glances, and saw the largest amount of President the country has yet afforded. We do not speak under oath, nor even from positive conviction, but we think we saw seven feet of President—at least calculating from the knees upwards. The lower extremities were hidden by the front of the box, and a wild wish flashed across our mind, that when he sat down he would put his feet on the cushioned front, that our calculations might be more accurate, and satisfy us that all we saw belonged to our new President. There was so much of him that we thought, if we could only divide him up, we could spare half for the new Confederacy, and the correspondence being perfect between the two halves of our omnipresent President, the most perfect harmony would ensue, and the Union would ultimately be made whole.

The remainder of the music in the first act went for nothing. The audience was all eyes, and the universal ears were unnaturally shortened, and for the time functionless. We all glared at Lincoln, we mentally devoured him, but we are bound to confess that he did not seem to be in the least degree disturbed by this double-barrelled opera-glass attack. He examined the house, and we are rather inclined to think that he made some jocular remark upon the subject to his friends. He seemed to take a profound interest in his growing beard, he fondled his chin, he pulled the stubbly hair on either side of his face as though he longed to stretch it out to regulation length. We are satisfied that he believes his coming beard improves his personal appearance. Well, perhaps it does, but that's a matter of opinion. Well, the curtain dropped upon the first act, and as yet there had been no demonstration, but then arose a thunder of applause and a whirlwind of cries of "Lincoln! Lincoln!" Amid the din of cries and applause, the President commenced to uncoil himself, and as foot after foot unfolded itself before the public gaze more deafening became the noise and clamor. He bowed his acknowledgments and bowed them again. Calm and self-possessed, he gave one the idea of power, stern, rugged and uncompromising; but still there was in the smile something gentle, benevolent and kindly, giving the assurance that justice would be tempered with mercy, and that stern principle would be leavened with that wisdom which springs from a knowledge of the human heart and a sympathy with human weakness.

Before he recovered his erect position—we did not measure the time—the curtain rose, discovering all the artists and chorus of the Academy, and the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." What a shout of welcome went up to the roof as the well-known air was recognized by the people! Up rose the audience in a mass, and up rose the President, when from the top of the proscenium slowly descended the glorious flag of the Union, the beloved Stars and Stripes, and the voices grew hoarse with shouting, and the hands grew tired with clapping and waving hats and handkerchiefs, and the faces of the people flushed up and tears were in many eyes; and

Americans felt that night the enthusiasm of loyalty—loyalty to their country—loyalty to their brotherhood, and loyalty to that glorious flag that has covered millions of freemen and has ever waved in the van of civilization and progress.

It was a scene such as we have never seen save in the Old Country. We Americans have too often sneered at that word "loyalty"; but to the people of the Old Country it comprises love of the soil, love of kindred and home ties, pride in the deeds of their sons, pride in the ancient glory of the land, in its legends of triumphs of war and peace, and in all that comprises the nationality of a great people. This is loyalty, and when the people greet the sovereign they honor, the shout is for the country they love, its honor, its glory, themselves and the head which is a component part of the whole. Our troubles now make us comprehend the meaning of loyalty—loyalty to the glorious past of our country—its institutions, its homesteads; loyalty to its great Present, and loyalty and brotherhood to all in the sublime Future which is before us. The shout which rent the air in the Academy that night as the President elect rose up was the heart homage of a free and truthful people, loyal to the traditions, the virtues and the glories of their common country. And long may such loyalty

—wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

* When the curtain fell three cheers were given for Lincoln, three for the Constitution, and three loud-mouthed, rousing cheers for the Union.

The Queen's Speech.

It is seldom that a Royal speech departs so far from grim official precedent as to indulge in anything of a personal nature; but the speech delivered by Queen Victoria to her Parliament on its opening on the 5th of February contains an exception so gratifying to the brotherhood of nations that it deserves special mention. It comes also at a time when such an exhibition of true Queenly womanhood is doubly grateful. In our Foreign News we have quoted the passage *verbatim*, and we need not, therefore, repeat it here. There is no doubt but that part has been read throughout the length and breadth of our Republic with unmixed satisfaction, for it shows that all selfish sense of rivalry has been forgotten in that genuine homely sentiment which a noble woman would feel on hearing of the misfortune of a household where her eldest son had been cordially welcomed and affectionately entertained. It may truly be said that on that occasion the mother spoke as well as the Sovereign. That her kindly interest may be emulated by our American women is not too much to ask from the fair descendants of those whose blood cemented the glorious fabric of our Union.

It is also pleasant to know that she spoke the sentiments of her Parliament, for in both Houses there was an unaffected expression of sympathy eminently worthy of a great and kindred people.

Lord Granville, one of the Cabinet Ministers, said that although many foreigners had half congratulated him upon the weakening of their giant rival, he had not heard so narrow-minded and still natural sentiment issue from the lips of an Englishman. All honor to the Queen and her Parliament, who towered above worldly considerations, and publicly avowed their regret at the present unhappy position of our national affairs.

Let us trust their words will not be lost upon the hot-headed politicians, who, in their blind pursuit of vengeance, would destroy the great beacon of Liberty in the New World.

A New Sensation—If we could only have it.

Do any of you know *Bruno Wollenhaupt*? Yes or no? The majority says No. Then we will tell you who Bruno Wollenhaupt is: A good while ago—away back in the fifties—there was a young lad who gave promise of fine talent as a violinist. He was quite a boy, but he had the quiet, earnest ways of a man. Reserved and thoughtful, though so young, he was already an artist in feeling, and we were satisfied, even at that time, that he only needed the fostering influences of art-surroundings to become anything he desired in his profession. There was one who viewed the matter just as we did, but he had a more deep and natural interest in the welfare of this young boy—this was his own brother, Hermann A. Wollenhaupt, himself a fine pianist and admirable composer. Hermann was quite young, but he was an able and a prosperous teacher, and he determined that his brother should have all the advantages of a European art education, so he sent him to Germany. Young Bruno was here in his element. He was surrounded by art students and a people, whatever their social position, full of art feeling and the refinement which springs therefrom. Year after year passed by, and still young Bruno studied, every day developing his extraordinary mechanism, and feeding his enthusiasm for his profession. He became known as one of the rising men, and his reputation spread in musical circles. He studied with most of the great masters, became familiar with their schools, but imitated none of them. He sought to learn all their peculiarities of *technique*, in order to master all their difficulties and become a perfect interpreter of their works. All this he accomplished, and with his native genius untrammelled he commenced his artistic career.

His success in Germany, where he appeared on several occasions, was very decided, and he was justly marked by the most learned critics as one who would soon take his place among the great masters of the violin. A little later he went to Paris, and was received at once into the art circles of that city, and was distinguished for his intelligent reading and his brilliant rendering of the classic quartettes of the great composers. He appeared but once publicly in Paris, when he was summoned back to America by the sickness of his father. His success on that occasion was brilliant. After his arrival in New York he contented himself for some time with hard practice and composition; but at length he was drawn from his shell by an offer from the management of the Academy of Music to accompany Piccolomini in a concert tour through the West and South. His performances in every place elicited the utmost enthusiasm of the audiences, he was encor in every place, and a third appearance frequently demanded. He rather more than shared the honors with the fascinating little prima donna. But his artistic feeling revolted against this predatory existence, and he returned to his darling studies, and from them he could not be lured by the many brilliant offers tendered to him by concert-tour speculators.

Once he played at our Philharmonic concerts, and the sensation he produced was profound. No violinist, since Paganini, ever received a more enthusiastic ovation, and those who are competent to judge placed him in the front rank among living violinists. We heard him frequently since then, and we give our readers our impressions.

Bruno Wollenhaupt is a slender youth of ordinary height, with a frank intelligent face, and an expression tinged by dreamy thought, but flushing into animation under the excitement of playing. His whole frame seems nervously strung, and he feels so intensely the spirit of inspiration that the strain upon his physical organization is very severe—the electric forces are so rapidly expended, that a state of mental and physical exhaustion is the result. Bruno Wollenhaupt has in him all the elements of a great artist. He has creative power, executive power, imagination, passion, sympathy, and with all a steady, enduring perseverance, which ever urges him on to the acquirement of higher perfection. He is well read in the repertoire of all the violin composers, and his own repertoire, selected from the great classic and romantic schools, is, in extent, extraordinary. So wonderful is his memory that he can play by rote over sixty great concertos, besides many of his own, which display fine taste and poetic sentiment, and an unlimited number of smaller pieces. His style is eminently attractive. His tone is large and sympathetic; his execution clear, brilliant and inevitably certain; his manner modest and graceful, and he executes the most startling difficulties without effort or gesticulation. His *bracura* playing is brilliant, bold and characteristic; his *cantabile* smooth, flowing and exquisitely tender, and his *adagio* grand, sustained and profoundly emotional.

Such are the qualities which Bruno Wollenhaupt brings to bear upon the art which he has chosen. The combination is unusual, only appearing in the rarest and most sensitive musical organizations, and maturity alone is needed to develop them into that crowning genius at whose shrine the world bows down and worships. We want to hear Bruno Wollenhaupt once again in public, and we want our friends to hear him. Why does not the Philharmonic Society solicit him to play at their next concert? His name would add prestige even to its brilliant and well-earned reputation. It would be the greatest art-boon it could offer to its subscribers. We suggest this, for in the present dearth of musical ability, it is a sin and a shame that so rare and so glorious a talent should remain unexercised, and in a measure unknown and unacknowledged.

We have received from a new contributor the following kindly, pleasant and clever poetic sketch upon the action of a sister State.

Its geniality and good feeling will make it welcome to all classes of readers:

Miss Carry—Our poor little Sister that's out in the Cold.

If the deep heart of manhood with sympathy quivers

When tales of misfortune ideal are told,

What pity awaits the poor lambkin that shivers,

Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

She is pettish and proud, and scarce knows what she's wanting,

Not lacking in courage—indeed she is bold—

She has a strange passion for strutting and ranting,

Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

We love her, we do, though at times she's presuming;

She's so like ourselves, though of delicate mould,

If she only would cease from the frothing and fuming,

Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

How sad were our hearts when we suddenly missed her

We sought her in Greenwood, in glen, and in wold,

For we felt so uneasy about our dear sister,

Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

She'll waken some morning, quite rid of the vapors;

The mist from her eyes will be happily rolled,

And won't we be glad when she's done with her capers,

Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

No charge preferring for her to reply to,

We leave the one half of her whimsies untold,

And rebellion's a very rude word to apply to

Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

The worst of it all is, that Georgy and Missy

Have got that they're neither to bind nor to hold,

And silly Miss Lou has now followed her sissy,

Her poor little sissy that's out in the cold.

Sure kindness beseeches us, the big whiskered brother,

We'll soothe her and bring her again to the fold,

For we cannot be hard with the child of our mother,

Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

SAM FINBAR.

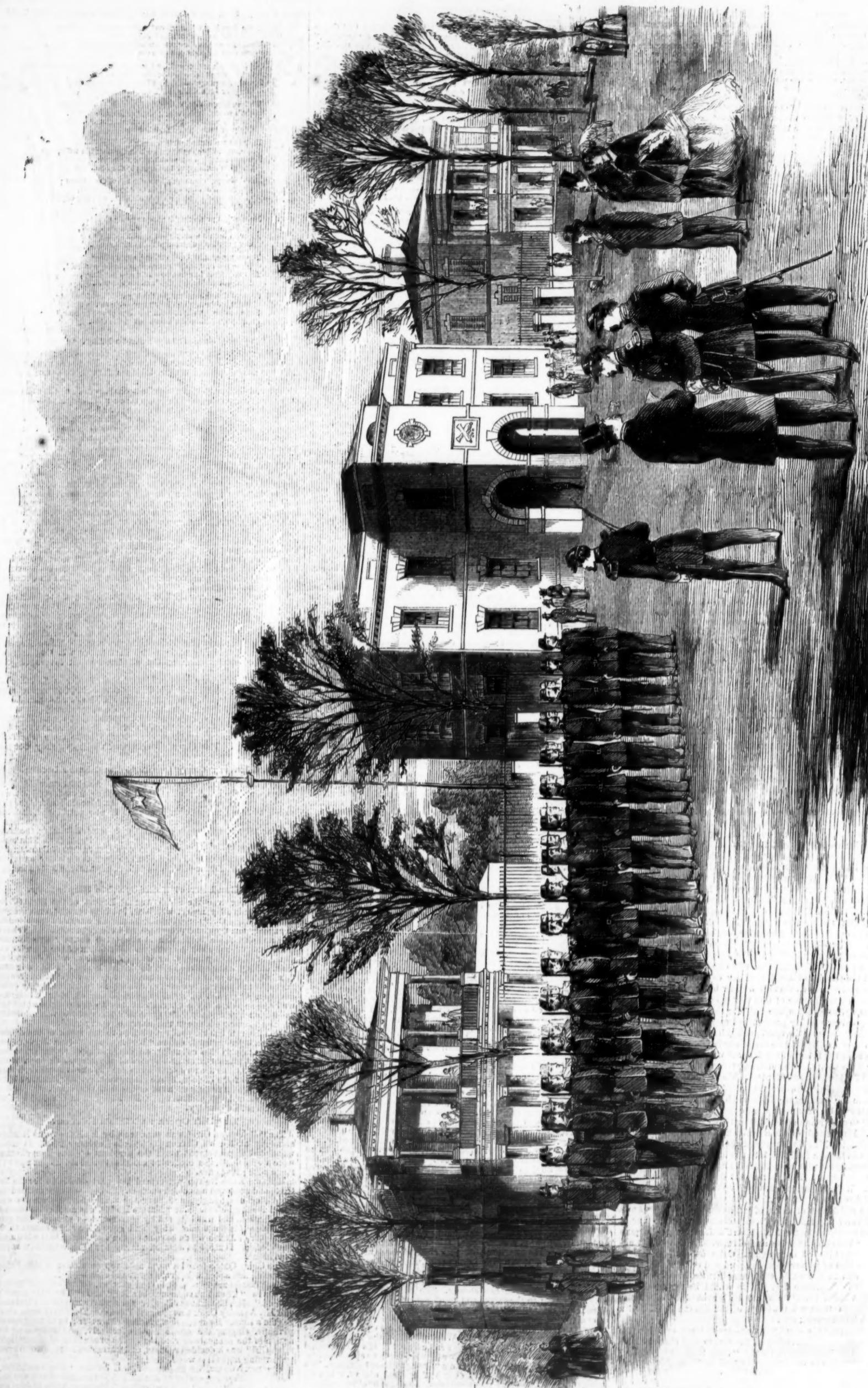
Something New to Play.

We have something very charming in the way of pianoforte music to recommend to our readers this week. Foremost among them are some new compositions by William Mason, who stands at the head of the writers in this school in the country. He is, in truth, the only American, if we except Gottschalk, whose works take rank with the higher compositions of the modern European masters. He studied his art assiduously in Germany, and being possessed of a fine musical organization, he became thoroughly imbued with its aesthetics, drawing from the purest springs those draughts of inspiration which are life-long in their influence, and exhaustless when wood with earnestness of a matured mind. Mason went abroad an artist in spirit, and came back an artist in spirit and in fact.

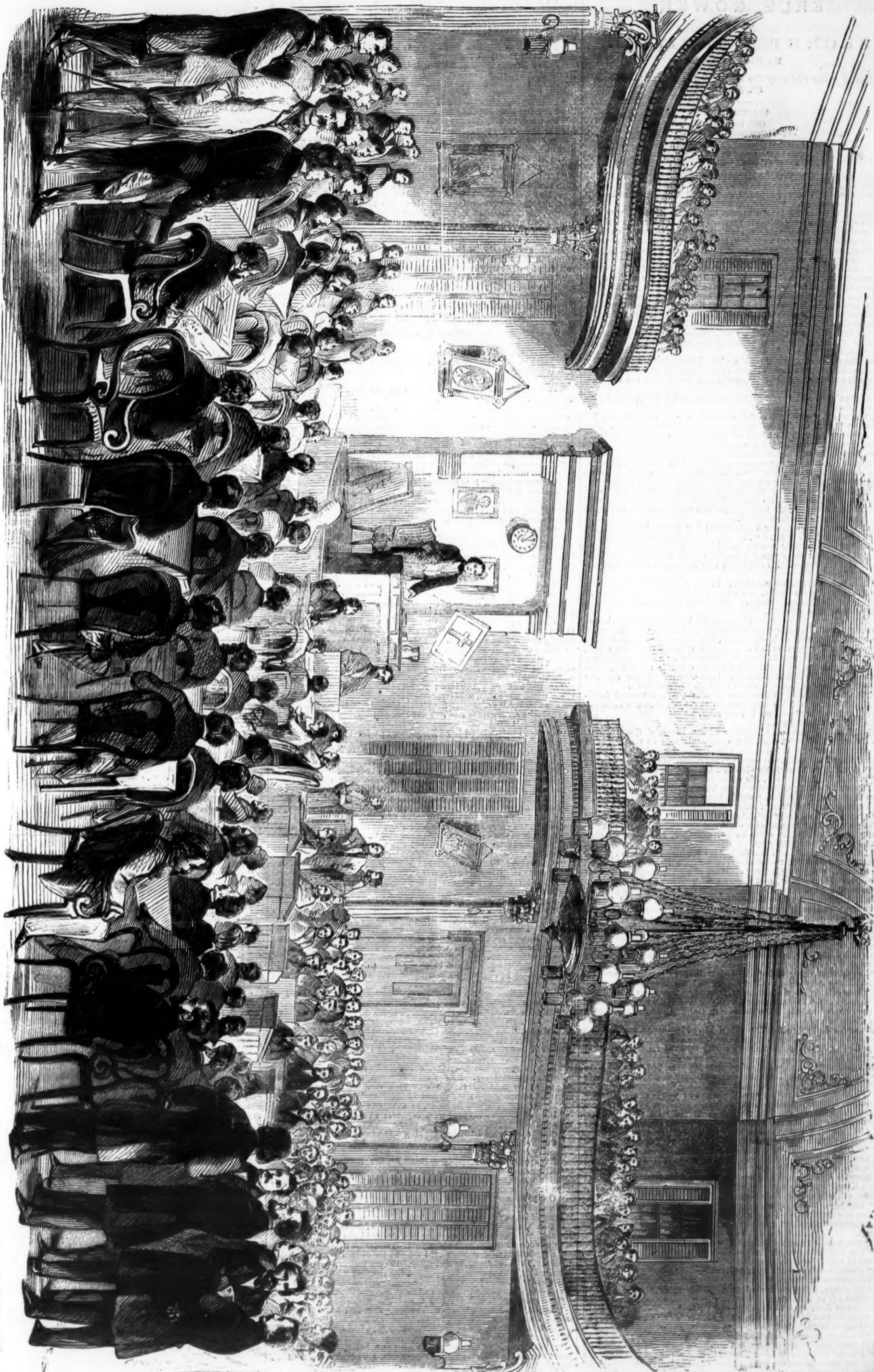
His latest compositions are *Deux Reveries*. The first is called "Au Matin," and is as fresh as the first breath of summer morning, as joyous as the carol of the up-springing lark, and as *pictoresque* as a mountain valley when the sun glances athwart and showers gold-drops through rocky crevices. The main subject is supported throughout by a sparkling and restless figure in triplets, which gives an aerial lightness to the whole. The second subject is quaint in its character, and as fanciful as though the musician's thought was *en rapport* with the nymphs and the fauns, the dryads and the hamadryads of a past poetic generation. Taken as a whole, it is a thoughtful, fanciful and poetic composition, and worthy the consideration of the refined musician. It does not possess startling difficulties, but it requires a clean, delicate touch and an educated taste to render it justly.

The second *Reverie*, "Au Soir," is a tender, dreamy and sensuous melody, richly harmonized and cleverly sustained. It is a twilight thought, a compound of languor and happy and regretful memories—a thought too light for sorrow, yet fraught with gentle sadness. It is a love sonnet deliciously expressed. It is not difficult, but requires a scholarly and loving interpretation. These *Reveries* are published in splendid style by FIRTH, POND & CO., and we cordially commend them to the attention of all lovers of good music.

FIRTH & POND have also published the *Clarabella Schottisch de Salón*, compose by Charles Wels. It is a graceful, flowing and most melodious *schottisch*, brilliant and not difficult, and popular in melody without being commonplace. Its several subjects are in perfect keeping, and are so well contrasted that the performer is interested until the close. Mr. Wels writes these pleasant *morceaux de salon*, *con amore</*



THE ARSENAL, AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA—REVIEW OF THE CLINCH RIFLES, BY CAPT. V. A. PLATT, ON THE PARADE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE ARSENAL—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN AUGUSTA.—See Page 237.



THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY—SENATE CHAMBER IN THE CAPITOL AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, DURING OPEN SESSION—THE HON. HOWELL COBB PRESIDING.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist. — See Page 237

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Guilt begun must fly

To guilt consummate to be safe.—Young.

Where should this music be? in earth or air?

It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon

Some god of th' island.—Shakespeare.

At the very moment that the Marquis of Chillingham, surprised out of his usual frigidity, would have seized the hands of Ishmael, the falling figure of Violet interposed, and he had to step back as hastily as he had advanced.

Although betrayed into a momentary excitement, it was but momentary. The very following instant he beckoned with his finger to Ishmael, and drew aside a long, magnificent damask curtain, which seemed to conceal a window, but in reality masked a door, and Ishmael, bearing the senseless form of Violet, accompanied by the marquis and Erle, disappeared behind it.

The whole incident was so rapidly enacted that the two principal characters engaged in it were gone ere those who were the most deeply interested in their appearance could draw their breath.

As the heavy, massive drapery fell back into its long, graceful folds, still and motionless as before, Lord Kingswood gasped audibly, nor was the inspiration of his breath less deep than that of Lady Kingswood. Her attention had been wholly absorbed by the unlooked-for appearance of Erle, and it remained so until, like the shadow of a dark cloud, the figure of the Marquis of Chillingham interposed and hid it from sight.

But the face remained, the pale, clear, bright, haughty face—the Kingswood face, the face of two centuries back and of now—the face more vividly resembling that of her husband than did her own son's.

Pharisee's fearful suggestion struck her to the heart like a poisoned arrow at this moment.

Oh, it was a sharp agony she suffered as she remembered his words even as if they were being now hissed into her ears. She involuntarily pressed her hands over her aching eyes, scalding tears were exorciating them; but even in this bitter moment she remembered her position in society, and made a desperate exertion of self-control to conceal her convulsive emotion from the eyes of those who would not have beheld it without making it the subject of an extensive scandal. The salons of the Marquis of Chillingham, thronged as they were by thoughtless, worldly, reckless and cold votaries of fashion, was no place in which to give way to a wild ebullition of overwrought feelings, and she made a choking effort to appear still calm and passionless.

She removed her burning fingers from her fevered lids, and the glare of the lights blinded her, as the loud clangor of the instruments, still performing a wild and joyous air, deafened and distracted her. She threw again a hurried glance around her, but Erle was no longer visible. He and those who accompanied him had disappeared.

She had, however, seen only him. It was upon his face and form she had brooded for weeks, and when, like a spectre in a blaze of splendor, he appeared abruptly before her, she noticed not who came side by side with him.

Ishmael she would not have recognized; Violet she did not know. It would have been impossible for her not to have been struck with the unearthly beauty of Violet's face, with the delicate and refined symmetry of her form, or the remarkable character of her attire, which, unexceptionable in taste, rendered her so much more like a fair, pure, immaterial spirit than a human creature; she would undoubtedly, as all present were, have been startled by her singular aspect, but beyond that she would not have been affected.

Erle alone attracted all her sense of vision, all her mental faculties. No sooner did his face glare in her eyes than she beheld—thought of no one else—saw her husband.

To him she turned now.

Hi, Lord Kingswood, a Minister of the Imperial Government, his honors thick upon him, the congratulations of the high and powerful yet ringing in his ears. Hi, the proud representative of a long line of ancestry, the haughty, the imperious noble, standing cowering, shuddering by her side as a beaten hound.

She saw his ghastly face, his quivering limbs, his palsied figure, and notwithstanding there were eyes fixed upon her face, and open ears to catch her words, she would have repeated that question, a true answer to which was of such vital import to her.

Before she could carry her intention into effect, a finger was laid lightly upon her arm, and she observed the calm, set face of the Marquis of Chillingham close to her shoulder, and his cold, pale eyes fixed upon her own.

"Lady Kingswood, will you permit me the honor to escort you to a seat I have ordered to be reserved for you?" he said, in calm, even tones. "A young singing creature of great promise will make her debut here to-night, and I much wish to have your ladyship's opinion of her voice."

Lady Kingswood, half-suffocated, unable to utter a word, bowed her assent, and though a consuming fire raged within her breast, she smiled up into the marquis's face with an expression which made Lord Kingswood, who beheld it, involuntarily groan.

Lady Kingswood heard it. She beheld the inexpressible agony which brought the clammy drops upon her husband's forehead and the deathly hue upon his face, and her eyes glittered in revengeful triumph.

With lips quivering under the indescribable torture he suffered, Lord Kingswood turned to Cyril, to bid him find Lady Maud and conduct her to Lady Kingswood, but Cyril had quitted his side, and was no longer visible. He, therefore, with ill-acted indifference, followed in the direction in which the Marquis of Chillingham had conducted Lady Kingswood.

As he moved off, a hand touched his. He turned as though a scorpion had stung him, but he beheld, instead of the face he had expected to behold, a hand, and the face of the Marquis of Chillingham.

His daughter Beatrice still rested upon his arm, but her eyes were fastened upon the long folds of massive drapery behind which Violet had been borne.

"I have a word to say to you, Kingswood; will lend me your ear for a moment?" exclaimed Sir Harris, hurriedly, addressing his lordship. Then, turning his face towards the spot where his son Carlton was still pouring flattering nothings into the unheeding ear of Lady Maud, he beckoned to him hastily.

Carlton approached with Lady Maud still leaning upon his arm. "Take charge of Beatrice for a few minutes, Carlton," he said, in a short, quick tone. "I have some little matters to speak to Lord Kingswood privately upon."

Beatrice was consigned to her brother, and Sir Harris had guided Lord Kingswood into a corner, where he was not likely to be overheard, ere a minute had elapsed.

"The boy—the boy," murmured Sir Harris Stanhope in his ear.

"You saw him?"

A thousand recollections flashed through the brain of Lord Kingswood.

It was his turn now to clutch the wrist of Sir Harris Stanhope. "The boy who passed before us both a minute since I know. What of him?" he muttered.

"His face—his face," continued Sir Harris Stanhope. "You have not forgotten that face?"

"Stanhope, it is the face of an avenging spirit," returned Lord Kingswood, in low, solemn tones, which made the blood of the knight run cold. "An avenging spirit, Stanhope, which will glare down upon you in your death hour as terribly and as pitilessly as upon me in mine."

"No, Kingswood," returned Stanhope, with husky accents, "I have something to answer for, but not—"

"Peace," interposed Lord Kingswood, sharply; "this is neither time nor place to discuss this matter. It is enough that the earth has given up the dead; that I have been fooled, tricked, cheated, betrayed by those whom I have most trusted—you more basely than all the rest. But this I will settle with you at another time—"

"You wrong me, Kingswood," interposed Sir Harris, with an air of wounded pride. "I hazarded much for you, Heaven knows—"

"We will leave the name of Heaven out, if you please," again interrupted Lord Kingswood. "The marriage—"

"Was a mock affair, you know," whispered Sir Harris, quickly.

"Can you prove this?" said Lord Kingswood, eagerly.

"I can," answered Sir Harris.

"Enough," ejaculated Lord Kingswood. "Do this, and you remove a mountain from my breast."

"I have already done it, Kingswood, as you know," continued Sir Harris Stanhope. "Years since—"

"Bah! you must do it now, Stanhope," interrupted Lord Kingswood. "You remember Horace Vernon?"

"Yes—yes," answered Sir Harris Stanhope, thoughtfully. "He has not been heard of for years."

"He passed under your very nose a moment since," exclaimed Lord Kingswood between his teeth. "It was he who caught that young creature as she fell swooning while walking by the side of that boy who is born to be my curse."

The breath of Sir Harris Stanhope came thick and short.

"Horace Vernon living and here!" he ejaculated.

"Living, and burning for revenge," returned Lord Kingswood, with slow emphasis. "It is he who has suddenly produced this boy, who, he insists, is the heir to my title and my name. He must be met, and his dire intentions defeated. He is no less my bitter enemy, Stanhope, than mine. I know how far he can injure me; you can be utterly destroyed. He has wealth and power, and he can crush you as easily as he can and will—unless we are bold as well as skilful—ruin my happiness."

The face of Sir Harris Stanhope changed to many hues. He revolved in his mind which would be most conducive to his interest, to stand by or betray Lord Kingswood.

"I have long repented that mad, youthful folly," he involuntarily exclaimed.

"Your repentance comes late," observed Lord Kingswood, drily. "If you are not, however, firm and true to yourself and to me—to me, remember, Stanhope—you will most bitterly repent your weak and useless vacillation."

"Your lordship does not, surely, doubt me?" returned Sir Harris, looking furtively at him.

"I confess, after Vernon's stern asseveration to me concerning the part you played—you remember, Stanhope, played by you at your own suggestion—I lack much of the faith in you that I once possessed," rejoined Lord Kingswood.

"You have seen Vernon, then?" said Sir Harris, gnawing his finger-tips.

"Seen? Spoke with him?" returned Lord Kingswood. "He has assured me that vengeance has only slumbered; it is now awakening, and when fairly aroused, all who have wronged him or aided in wronging him—and one other—will have need to beware of a terrible retribution."

Sir Harris Stanhope uttered an exclamation of uneasiness.

"This menace bears so much weight and value as we may permit it, and no more," continued Lord Kingswood, in an almost inaudible yet earnest voice. "It is for you, Stanhope, to go back to the past, remember well each important and petty circumstance, gather together all proofs in whatever shape or form they may exist, and stand firmly and bravely to your post. You cannot recall what has taken place, therefore be true to yourself and to me, as I have suggested, or you are lost."

"But," urged Sir Harris, with an expression of distrust on his face.

"No more here," interposed Lord Kingswood, almost petulantly. "You must call upon me at my house. Make your own appointment, and I will attend to it. Closeted in my library, we can determine on our course; but, mind me, you must be prompt in the matter, for Vernon is already acting, ay, and he will act too with remorseless persistency and savage determination."

"You said Vernon was here; where is he?" inquired Sir Harris, with a nervous glance over his shoulder.

"That is a point, Stanhope, which has seriously disturbed me," answered Lord Kingswood. "I knew not that Chillingham was personally acquainted with him. It seems to me that they have been on terms of close friendship in years long past; yet it is strange that I, who was Vernon's first, I thought almost his only friend, should be ignorant of this. See; we attract attention. You will write to me!"

"Do not be uneasy, my lord; your official position and my diplomatic office will afford a solution to the inquisitive gaze with which we are favored," responded Sir Harris Stanhope; "nevertheless, it will be wise to separate now. Your lordship will hear from me in the morning."

"Enough!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood; "for the present, farewell!"

"Farewell, my lord," returned Sir Harris, and waving his hand, quitted Lord Kingswood to rejoin his daughter.

Beatrice Stanhope, who had been left by her father with Carlton and Lady Maud, scarcely interchanged a word with either. Lady Maud appeared to be in no mood for conversation, and Carlton ratioted on incessantly, without giving her a chance to make an observation, scarcely a reply. Beatrice contented herself with keeping her eye fixed upon those massive folds of drapery which not alone concealed the entry to a private chamber, but it kept hidden from her one whom she yearned again to see and to speak with.

It was something of a relief to her when her father came up and said to her,

"Atrice, love, there is to be some singing; you would, I know, like to hear it. Lady Maud, you will, perhaps, join us. Lady Kingswood has already been escorted to a seat by the Marquis of Chillingham."

"Oh, with pleasure, I am sure," exclaimed Carlton, quickly. "Lady Maud, your exquisite taste will unquestionably draw you thither, and your graciousness will extend to me the honor of escorting you. I am not too presumptuous, I hope, Lady Maud?"

Lady Maud's eyebrows slightly contracted, and she hesitated.

Beatrice did not utter a word to induce her to comply with her father's suggestion.

"Lady Maud, you will not be so cruel as to decline," chimed in Sir Harris. "I promise you shall have a seat by the side of Lady Kingswood."

This promise seemed to decide her, and with a slight bend of assent she accepted the proffered escort of Carlton.

"Beatrice," said Sir Harris Stanhope to his daughter, in an undertone, as he hurried her on to put some distance between her and Lady Maud, "do you see Mr. Gower to-night?"

"I did, sir. His appearance was too remarkable for it to escape me—or, I imagine, any one present," was the reply, in a tone as low as his own.

"It was somewhat singular, certainly," rejoined Sir Harris. "Very singular, truly. By the way, Beatrice, my love, during the month or so that Mr. Gower was on a visit to Carlton, you, of course, had many opportunities of seeing him."

"Many, sir," returned Beatrice, in a somewhat faint voice.

"Did you observe his face with especial attention?" he inquired, thoughtfully.

"Sir!" ejaculated Beatrice, looking up at him with surprise.

"I mean, did you observe his features—the lineaments of his face—closely?" continued Sir Harris.

"Excuse me, sir," responded Beatrice, her face suffused with a burning blush. "What an odd remark!"

"But worthy of a reply, nevertheless!" exclaimed her father, impatiently.

"Oh, to be sure," she muttered, with some embarrassment. "I remember his features, certainly—a—quite well enough to recognise him again at any future meeting."

"You are absurdly childish, Beatrice," sharply subjoined Sir Harris. "I wish to know whether you observed anything in his face which made an impression upon you—your mind?"

"I thought him—handsome, if I may be permitted to acknowledge so much," she returned, in a slightly faltering tone.

"Strikingly handsome," responded Sir Harris; "but you still do not appear to comprehend my meaning. Did it occur to you that you had seen the face before, or at least one which resembled it?"

"No; unhesitatingly no," she answered.

"Think," said her father, emphatically. "You know that you offend me by inconsiderate replies."

The hue of scarlet, which a moment before had quitted the brow of Beatrice, again returned to it.

"There may," she answered, with some hesitation, "be many faces bearing in some respects resemblance to it, but none that I have seen even approached it as a counterpart."

Sir Harris's face wore a disappointed appearance.

"You surely remember seeing it so strikingly exhibited in the park on that day on which, after riding with you, he abruptly quitted our party, to reappear in so marked a manner even as he did to-night? Did it not either then or now remind you of one you knew well?"

"No!" she exclaimed, thoughtfully.

"Tut!" ejaculated Sir Harris, angrily. "Have your eyes been closed, girl, in the presence of Cyril Kingswood or his father?" Beatrice uttered an exclamation of surprise, vexation, even anger.

"I do recognise the resemblance now," she muttered.

A very romantic theory of hers was now very abruptly demolished. It was true, as Carlton Stanhope had declared, that he had interested her in the history of Erle before she met him, on account of his strange isolation from all friends. When she first saw him, his face struck her as being singularly familiar to her, and as she knew that she had never before seen him in life, she jumped to the conclusion that he had seen him in her dreams—upon which belief she built up a very pretty poetical fiction. This agreeable day-dream her father dissipated by one fell swoop of his tongue.

There was certainly a remarkable resemblance between Cyril Kingswood and Mr. Gower, and this resemblance it inevitably was that led her to conceive Erle had been presented to her dreaming eyes by Fate.

It was disagreeable to be suddenly awakened out of so pleasant a conceit. Yet though it pained her, it consoled her to assure herself that the superiority of Erle's attractions over those of Cyril might fairly have prevented her making the discovery her father had done for her.

Sir Harris Stanhope, wholly unconscious of what was passing in his daughter's mind, said, hastily—

"Did you ever hear Mr. Gower speak of Lord Kingswood?"

"No, sir," she replied readily.

"Yet I remember that Carlton said Cyril Kingswood expressed to him a great wish to see Mr. Gower," urged Sir Harris.

"

Cyril felt his heart swell and ache; blinding tears sprang into his eyes, and he seemed as if he should suffocate.

At the same time a low, convulsive sobbing close to her startled Lady Kingswood, and she, on looking round, to her astonishment, beheld Lady Maud striving to bide a torrent of hysterical emotion.

Ere she could move to approach her, a voice—not that of the singer, but one even yet more beautifully melodious, but wild, passionate and intensely pathetic, repeated the words—

"Oh, how truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this."

They rang through the vaulted roof distinct, clear, forcible, and then died away, as though the tones were those of a spirit flying rapidly from the scene where they were uttered.

While yet the last faint tone, to the petrified amazement of every one present, was vibrating, Cyril started from his seat and cried, in agonised accents :

"Violet, in life or death, mine!"

He would have made a dart toward the orchestra, but a dark figure sprang before him, seized him fiercely and thrust him back, saying, in a low, fierce tone :

"No; nor in life, nor in death, boy!"

It was Ishmael's pale face which confronted him; Ishmael's eyes which glared in his; Ishmael's hand which thrust him back into his seat.

He fell back as if paralysed, and in the confusion which ensued, no one saw how the tall, dark, stern man vanished.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Of morbid hue, his features sunk and sad;
His hollow eye shone forth a sickly light;
* * * * *
The other was a fell, despotic fiend;
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe.—Thomson.

PHARISEE, the more he brooded over the appointment he had made with the tall, thin old man, the greater became his anxiety to keep it.

This mysterious personage evidently was in possession of important secrets which Pharisee considered it of importance to the success of his secret object to make himself master of. This secret object was the gratification of a mad passion he had entertained some years for Lady Kingswood.

This insane attachment had been created in his breast entirely by the voluptuous character of her personal attractions, and by no other qualifications either of mind or position; for men and women of humble rank will not unfrequently love individuals above their station, simply because they are ladies or gentlemen, and for no other reason.

This was not the case with Pharisee, and therefore his love was a mere blind, unreasoning frenzy—wild delirium, calculated to carry him into an excess however desperate and irredeemable.

It is true that he bugged sentiments of revenge against Lord Kingswood. Servile and cringing by design and habit, he was by nature sensitive of insult, in fact, for the position he occupied, too sensitive, because he attributed to unconsidered conduct intentions which were never for an instant conceived. His shrewdness and sagacity enabled him, however, to stifle all outward sign of the anger and resentment, the harsh rebuke, the contemptuous remark, or the haughty command, flushed up into his breast, but they did not the less withhold him from looking forward to a day when he should be enabled to reap some satisfaction, deeply injurious to Lord Kingswood, but amply sufficient to glut his revenge.

His wrongs, as he considered them, stimulated him to persevere in his iniquitous designs on Lady Kingswood, because, base and ferocious as were his instincts, he knew no more tremendous mode of revenging himself upon Lord Kingswood than to be able to prove to him that he had been the paramour of his highborn, proud, disdainful wife.

Like all men gifted with low, base cunning, he overlooked one or two conditions essential to his success. The danger in which Lady Kingswood had placed herself from her fatal tendency to believe the worst that could happen before it could be proved that it was even intended, and to credit the assertion of any one rather than him she was bound first to believe, arose not from Pharisee, nor would it at any time from any such creature, but it sprang from the refined and practised libertine, who, experienced from a long course of vile treachery in the weaknesses and foibles of women, knew how to work upon them to turn them to his own account, and heartlessly triumph over the ruin he created.

Nevertheless, Pharisee had great faith, not only in his own manœuvring, but in circumstances and the complexion which a skilful coloring would give to them. But he knew that to become master of the situation, he must become master of every little incident, fact or occurrence which would tell for or against him. Therefore, he was, as we have said, most anxious to renew his interview with the curious old individual he had met in Eaton square, inasmuch as that he entertained a belief this singular old stranger was in possession of curious facts relative to Erle Gower, and the mystery which surrounded him, all of which it would be of extreme value to him to secure.

At ten o'clock on the night on which the incidents narrated in the last chapter took place, Pharisee stood before a house on an elevated part of Gray's Mount. The light from a neighboring gas-lamp shone upon the door, and by the same light he referred to the written paper he held in his hand.

"This must be it," he mumbled, and glided up to the door.

He knocked a gentle tap at the street door, which, being unanswered, after the lapse of five minutes, he repeated with no better effect. As he only gave a single knock, and that very mildly, he came to the conclusion, at the end of a quarter of an hour, that he either had not been heard or that no person was within the house.

He therefore decided to make a louder and more forcible appeal to the knocker, for which purpose he grasped it firmly and raised it. Ere, however, it could descend, the door was suddenly pulled open with such a vigorous display of strength that he found himself hauled into the passage, and in violent collision with a lady.

The next moment he was seized by the lady, who, fastening upon his collar with both hands, shook him fiercely. As he had not quitted his hold of the knocker, and still held it to enable him to sustain his footing, every time she shook him he knocked at the door, and that far more loudly and rapidly than he had previously done.

Such conduct much increased the ire of the lady, and naturally the commotion, until Pharisee, by a desperate effort, released himself, and retreated to the door, closely followed by the lady, who proved to be tall, gaunt, muscular, and no mean match for one of the six-foot volunteer guards.

"I don't understand this, madam!" he exclaimed, out of breath, on the verge of the doorstop.

"Don't you?" she cried, shaking her bony fist, and wagging her hard-featured head at him: "then I'll pretty soon make you. We want none of your games here."

"My games!" echoed Pharisee, bewildered.

"Yes, your games," retorted the lady. "But I'm a match for the best of you. Come sneaking here with a single knock at this time o' night—I know what for."

"You, ma'am—you?" cried Pharisee, excitedly. "You cannot possibly tell the nature of my errand here?"

"Can't I though?" replied the *châtelaine*, with an expressive nod of the head. "Suppose I had been a child—which I don't happen to be quite—you'd have purloined every coat, hat, or small parcel within your reach; as you see it's me, you've got a beggar-letter ready, but we want no such impostors here. Troop, or I'll bring a policeman to hurry you off, you low, sneaking thief, I will."

Pharisee shrieked with rage.

"Madam—woman—you are mad with drink!" he cried, utterly exasperated. "A man named Pengreep I want to see. Does he, or does he not, live here? that is all I wish to learn from you."

"Aha! of course you have the name pat enough," returned the lady of the house; "but I should like to know what you can want with—yah!" She interrupted her own query by a very wild scream.

Behind her stood the tall old individual Pharisee had come to visit, and he held between the finger and thumb of his left hand a sufficient piece of the lady's arm to make her, by pressure, acquinted with his presence. In his right hand he held a lamp, with which he made a beckoning gesture to Pharisee, and at the same time sputtered rather than spoke in the lady's ear,

"Virgo, shut the door after us, and go below. I have been expecting this gentleman's visit."

Virgo leaped aside, as if she expected that Nixish Pengreep

would take off the lobe of the rather large fleshy appendage at the side of her head with his teeth.

Pharisee followed Pengreep, who passed along the passage and ascended the stairs, while Virgo descended to her lair beneath, prepared to refresh herself with a comforting mixture, having a strangely powerful resemblance in its fragrance to brandy, and to spring out upon any other invader of her premises not properly qualified to make an appeal to her knocker.

Pharisee was not quite so much at ease with respect to this visit, after his reception from Miss Virgo, as he was before it, and he eyed every step during his progress up the stairs with distrust; and even when old Pengreep ushered him into his *sanctum*, he looked about him with misgiving and an evident readiness to make a bolt of it if matters continued to wear in his eyes a doubtful aspect.

The room he entered was dusty and dingy. It contained many iron boxes, with dates painted on the front of them, a table was laden with papers, while upon each dust-encrusted chair other papers were strewn in hideous confusion. It was evident that the *châtelaine* had not been recently on a scouring expedition in this apartment.

A glance showed Pharisee that the window had iron bars, and the door which admitted him was plated with iron, and swung heavily, old Pengreep being compelled to use some force to close it.

Pharisee started up to Pengreep, and laid his hand on his wrist.

"Don't trouble yourself to fasten the door," he said.

"No trouble," answered Pengreep. "Besides, if it were, it is necessary to shut it close. Little pitchers have large mouths and dogs have large ears. What the ears take in the mouth very often lets out. My watchdog—you saw her below—my Virgo, is singularly favored with the gift of acute hearing, and she not only exercises it, but she tries to improve upon it. I don't know that she talks—that is, I beg her pardon, I do know that, but I mean to say I do not know she babbles, and I am quite sure that I will, if possible, avoid being compelled to find it out. So, if you please, we will shut the door close and fasten it too."

Pharisee saw the door fastened with a kind of sinking at the heart, but he could not help himself, and he was therefore obliged to make the best of it.

Twice or thrice his eyes raced rapidly over the contents of the room, and it did not tend to restore his equanimity when he formed the impression that he was in a lawyer's office—a sharp practitioner's cage.

"You are a—a—lawyer, I presume?" he at length faltered.

"Slightly—slightly," responded Pengreep, with a grim smile. "My occupation is, however, mostly philanthropic. The world is divided between the rich and the poor; the poor need help, I find it for them—through a friend. When needy men come to me for money—to borrow it, I lend it for their own time—say three months—perhaps four. We agree to name a day of payment, and the borrowers put it down on a slip of paper, so that there may be no mistake; then they find a kind friend to record their name on this little slip of paper, as a kind of testimonial to the honesty of the borrower, and thus they get their money easily, and I gratify my philanthropic emotions and those of my friend."

"Do you lend this money for nothing?" inquired Pharisee, with expanded eyes.

"No—c—o—o—o—o!" grinned Pengreep. "Not exactly for nothing—but next to nothing."

"When do you practise the law?" asked Pharisee with surprise.

"Aha! when the borrowers don't keep their little words," returned Pengreep, still grinning. "I despise a man who don't keep his word. When the day of payment comes, if the amount lent is not paid, then I write a note, and follow it up with formal process—quite formal—a simple strip of paper, something like the other, and then—But we did not meet, Mr.—Mr. Lord Kingswood's Valet. What's your name?"

"Pharisee," answered that individual, in a low, hesitating tone.

"Quite right, quite right," rejoined Pengreep, with a chuckle. "I have made the necessary inquiries, and have found them satisfactory. Your name is Pharisee, and you are Lord Kingswood's valet."

"What is in the name of the devil have you been doing?" exclaimed Pharisee, starting up from a seat into which the moment previously he had reluctantly sunk.

"Be seated, my friend; nothing but what is perfectly right and proper," returned Pengreep, pushing him back into his seat. "I am accustomed to make inquiries, and always perform my task in a manner which is not likely to raise any suspicions."

"Humph!" grunted Pharisee, not altogether satisfied. "Well, I have but a short time to remain with you, as my lord is never late at these great parties. I have come to meet you by arrangement. You have told me that you are in possession of a secret of importance to Lord Kingswood. I am here to know what that is."

"And so you shall, providing that you make certain communications to me," answered Pengreep, with a cunning look.

"That is agreed," returned Pharisee; "but who is to begin?"

"You," replied Pengreep, quickly.

"What for?" asked Pharisee. "You might glean all you wished to know from me, and yet reveal nothing."

"Listen," said old Pengreep, keeping count with one forefinger upon the other. "I know the youth called Mr. Erle Gower; I know his father; I knew his mother—"

"Knew?" repeated Pharisee, incisively.

"Did I say knew?" exclaimed Pengreep, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Ho, ho! you are precise as to terms. Well, knew or know, it does not much matter."

"Oh, but it does," cried Pharisee, with excitement. "It is of the most material consequence."

"Very well," responded Pengreep, "I will grant it is of the most material consequence; we will let it rest at that, and we will go on. I know where the boy was born and where—"

"But—" interposed Pharisee.

"Now, don't interrupt me, my good friend," exclaimed Pengreep, waving his hand. "I know where he was brought up, and when he left that abode in which he was reared to visit Lord Kingswood at Kingwood Hall, the home of his—"

Pengreep suddenly stopped.

"Forefathers!" suggested Pharisee.

"By no means; I did not intend to use that word. I was about to say, when you interrupted me—the home of his—a—eh—host," returned Pengreep, drawing his hand over his mouth and down his chin.

Pharisee uttered a grunt of incredulity, but old Pengreep's eyes only twinkled; he made no other sign that he noticed Pharisee's gesture of discontent.

He proceeded—

"You see, I know a great deal that you do not, but still I wish to learn further, in short, what you know and I do not."

"If," said Pharisee, craftily, "you are prepared to sell me a certain secret, to be put in the possession of the only individual whom I can really interest, why do you want to ascertain information which cannot possibly concern you?"

"Will you do me the favor to permit me to judge of that matter for myself," returned Pengreep, in a rather decided tone, adding, with yet more emphasis, "but we waste time; let us proceed, secret for secret. Now, as you are reluctant to begin, I will open proceedings. Mr. Gower is not Lord Kingswood's son. Why did Mr. Gower bolt from Kingwood Hall?"

"Stop, stop a moment," cried Pharisee, eagerly. "You make a bold assertion. Will you—can you prove it?"

"I can," answered Pengreep, with a significant nod of the head. "Thus—a child was certainly born to Lord Kingswood before he married the present Lady Kingswood—"

"Ha!" ejaculated Pharisee, excitedly, "you can prove that also?"

"I can," returned Pengreep.

"Was Lord Kingswood acquainted with my lady at the time?" asked Pharisee quickly.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Pengreep, with a malicious expression on his face. "Why, man, he was at the very time betrothed to her. He was betrothed to the present Lady Kingswood, I tell you, before he even knew of the existence of the supposed mother of Mr. Erle Gower."

"That is good, that is very good, that is magnificent," muttered Pharisee, in soliloquy.

Pengreep looked up at him under his bushy eyebrows inquiringly as he heard these expressions.

"Oh, yes," he subjoined, after a moment's pause, "Lord Kingswood treated the affair as a mere intrigue, and after the birth of the child never again saw the mother."

"But the child, where is it?" asked Pharisee, anxiously.

"It was reported to have died years ago," answered Pengreep.

"But this Mr. Gower," queried Pharisee, sharply.

"Aha! you go on too fast," said Pengreep. "You want to know too much for your modicum of information. Besides, don't you find this place very cold—very cold?" He shivered a little extravagantly.

"There is no fire," observed Pharisee, looking round.

"We cannot trust one when the wind is in the east, for then the smoke all rolls into the room instead of going up the chimney," rejoined Pengreep, rubbing his hands sharply. "The wind is in the east now, and it is bitter cold. What say you to a little hot spirits and water, eh, just to cheer us and thaw our tongues? Mine, I assure you, is afraid to wag, for fear of having an inch snapped off the tip by my teeth."

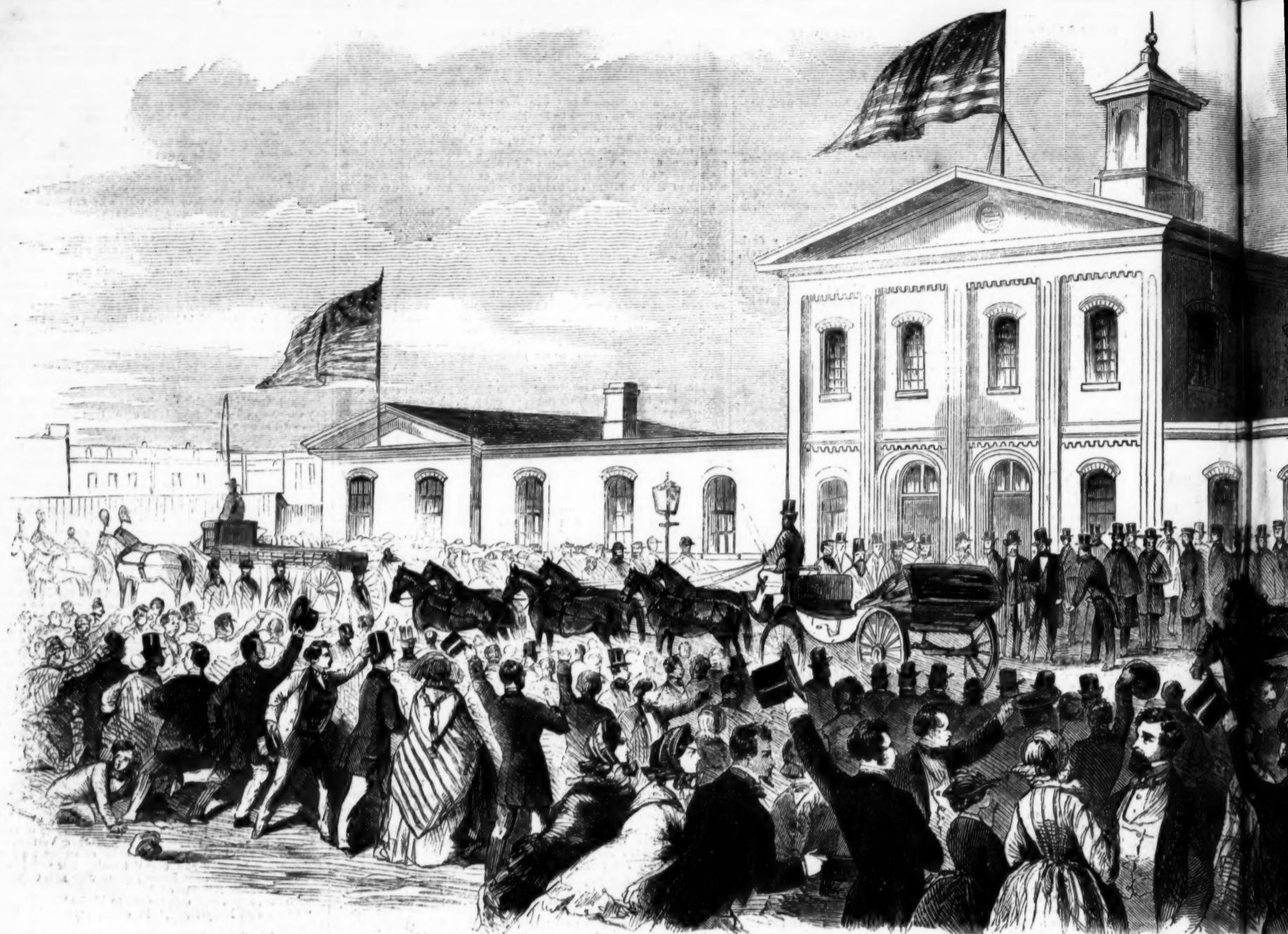
Pharisee assented, at the same time urging Pengreep to be quick in his movements, as his time was rapidly drawing to its limit.

From a shelf in an iron safe, which he carefully unlocked, Pengreep produced a bottle, and two sharp rings at the bell produced the "Watchdog" from the lower regions.

"Virgo," exclaimed Pengreep, in bland tones, "some hot water for this gentleman, my good friend, and some cold for me. You will remember, Virgo, cold for me."

Virgo, with her "awful front," scanned Pharisee rather curiously as she lingered on the threshold of the door, but Pengreep jumped off the floor and came down on both feet with a crash which made Miss Virgo jump too, and scream as well.

"Quick, Virgo, quick!" he cried, fiercely, "our time is precious."



THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY.—RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN NEW YORK, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPECIAL TRAIN AT THE HUDSON RIVER R. R. DEPOT, THE
THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY.—C. WASHINGTON, 15th, and was received by an immense crowd. The President and the acting Mayor welcomed the President-elect on behalf of the 15th, and the crowd cheered him heartily.

THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON. *(Continued from page 226.)*

(Continued from page 226.)

Mr. Lincoln Arrives at Cleveland.
Mr. Lincoln arrived at Cleveland at half-past four P.M. on the

15th, and was received by an immense crowd. The President and party were placed in carriages, surrounded by a body of mounted young Republicans, and, *nolens volens*, put on a spirited charger, and in a few minutes after the arrival the procession was moving up Euclid street, one of the finest avenues in the West. Mr. Masters,

the acting Mayor, welcomed the President elect on behalf of the city authorities, and Judge Andrews did the same on behalf of the citizens. Mr. Lincoln made a response in which the most remarkable thing was his declaration that the crisis was artificial. Separate levees were held in the course of the evening by Mr. and

Mrs. Lincoln. The former's and hands had got so much worse for the winter previous that he had the thought that came to tax a look to desile past him at a comfortable distance. The residential must have produced a most favorable impression, judging the praise of all I saw the evening the evening. A supper given to the President and a ten P. M.

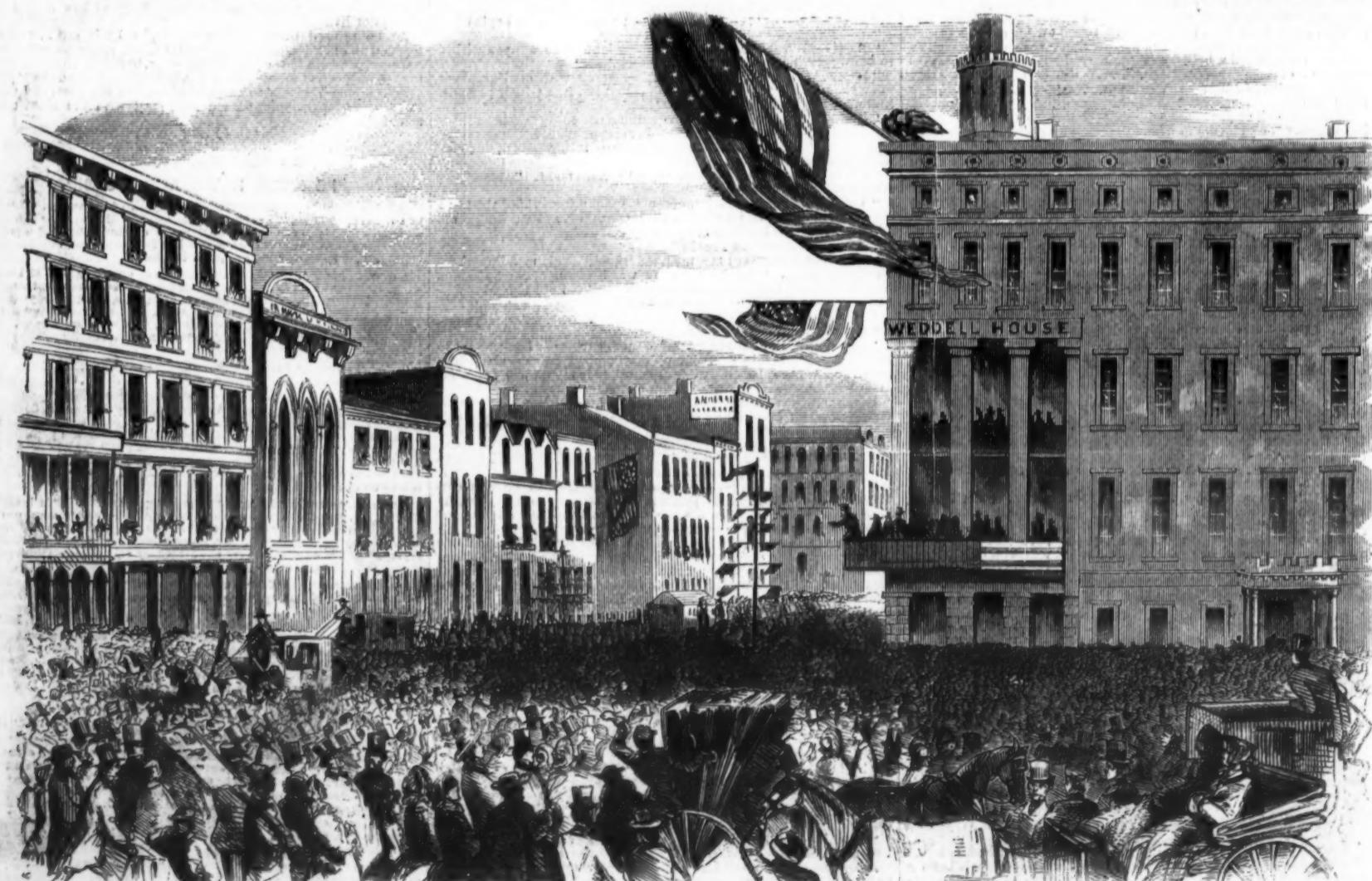
Our Special A.M., who accompanied Mr. Lincoln from Springfield throughout his tour, has made the most spirited sketch of his reception at the great City of the Forest.

On February 21st the President and his party arrived at Buffalo, and were met at the door of the car by President Fillmore. Their reception was a most cordial one. The surrounding the depot was and numbered sixteen thousand persons. It was here that Mr. Hunter, of the United States Cavalry, one of Mr. Lincoln's suite, was accidentally dislocated. He went up Exchange and Main Streets to the American Hotel. The arches along the route were decorated. When he arrived at the hotel he was welcomed in a speech by Mayor Benja. Lincoln briefly replied. The door of the hotel were surrounded by the crowd. I held a levee, and received

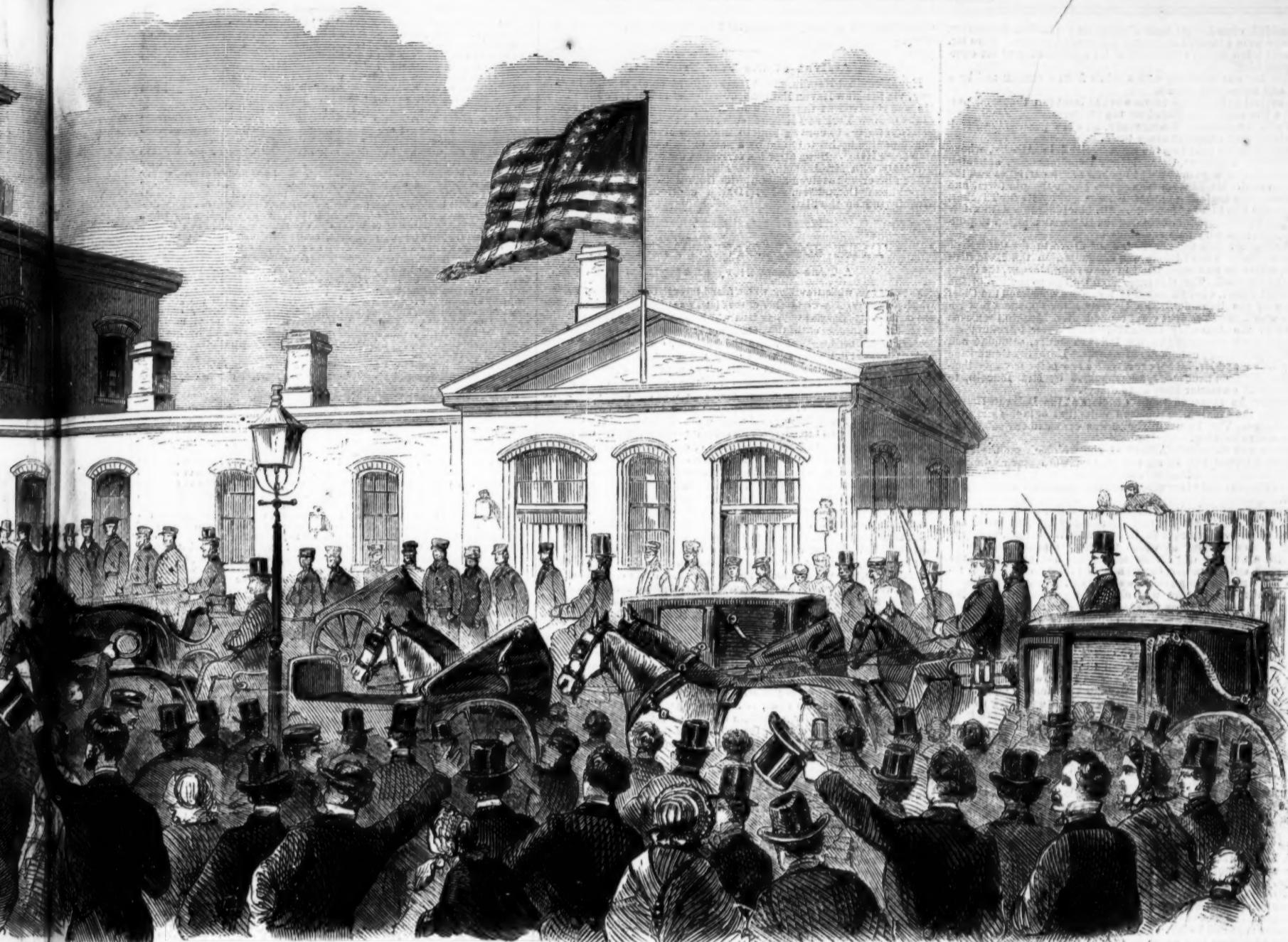
The next morning ex-President Fillmore called upon Mr. Lincoln and took him to church, the church the ex-President had erected back of the hotel, and were joined by Mr. Lincoln, when the party were to Mr. Fillmore's private room.

to partake of a meal.
Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln returned to the hotel at two o'clock p.m. and spent the remainder of the day in their room. They were accompanied by a number of distinguished ladies and gentlemen in the afternoon, among the most conspicuous were G. W. Clinton, A. M. Giddings, Stevens, A. S. Bush, James, D. S. Hask, J. W. Fitch, Verplanck, N. K. Hall, R. P. N. D. Davis, G. G. Geer, Horace, M. C. and Donaldson.

Their Arrival in A.I.B.
On Monday at six o'clock the party left Batavia and was all along the road with the enthusiasm.



RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT CLEVELAND, OHIO - THE PRESIDENT ADDRESSING THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY IN FRONT OF THE WEDDELL HOUSE. - FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TRAVELLING IN THE SUITE OF THE PRESIDENT.



R. R. DEUT, THIRTIETH STREET, TUESDAY, FEB. 19, 1861—SUPERINTENDENT KENNEDY CONDUCTING THE PRESIDENT TO HIS CARRIAGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR RESIDENT ARTIST.

Lincoln. His former arms
had not so much the
for the winter previous occa-
that he had the thousands
came to take a look at him
past him in a comfortable
place. The Presidential couple
have produced a most
impressive, judging from
size of all saw them dur-
evening. A supper was
to the President and suite at
1.

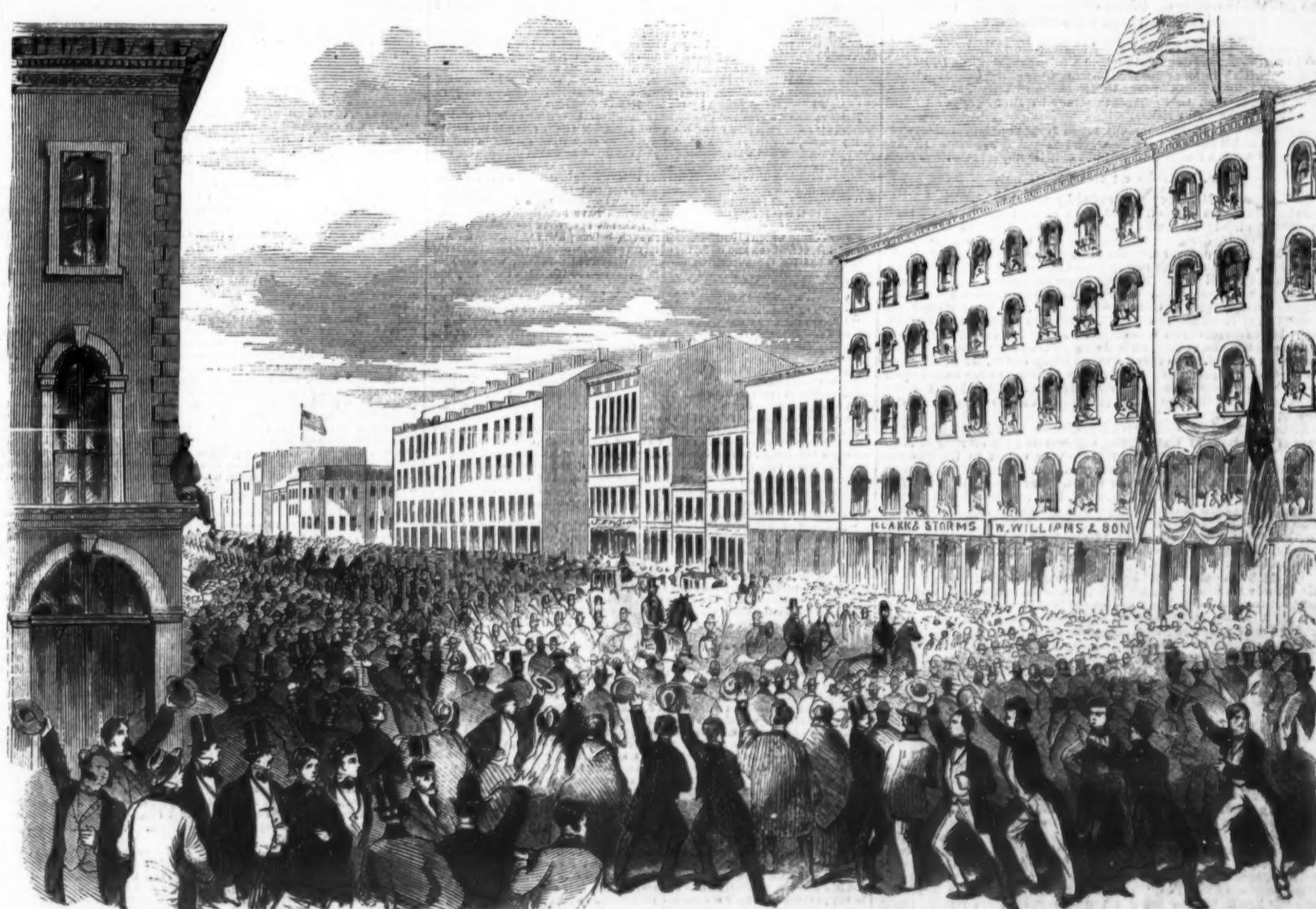
Special Agent, who accom-
Mr. Lincoln from Springfield
about his suite, has made a
short visit to the reception
great City of the Forests.

Lincoln at Buffalo.
February 19 the President
arrived at Buffalo, and was
met at the door of the car by Ex-
President Fillmore. Their meeting
was most cordial. The crowd
around the depot was dense,
numbered at least a thousand
people. It was here that Major
of the United States Army,
Mr. Lincoln's suite, had his
car dislodged. The cortège
to Exchange and Main streets
the American Hotel. The buildings
along the route were gaily
decorated. When he arrived at the
hotel he was welcomed in a nest
by Mayor Remond. Mr. Lin-
coln replied. The doors of the
hotel were nearly blockaded
by the crowd. In the evening he
lived, and received a Gar-
rard.

next morning ex-President
was called upon Mr. Lincoln,
and took him to church. From
church the ex-President and
the elect rode back to the
hotel, and were joined by Mrs. Lin-
coln. The party were driven
Fillmore's private residence
for a walk.

and Mrs. Lincoln returned to
the hotel at two o'clock p. m., and
the remainder of the day in
room. They were called
a number of distinguished
and gentlemen in the course
afternoon—among the latter
most conspicuous were Hon.
Clinton, A. M. Clapp, F. P.
A. S. Davis, James Put-
S. Hunt, J. J. Pitman, J. A.
C. N. Hall, R. P. Larvin,
Davis, W. Gouver, B. Van
L. C., and P. Denshermer.

Arrived in Albany.
Today at six o'clock he
left Buffalo and was greeted
the route with the greatest
enthusiasm. At Batavia he did
not stop, but bowed to



PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN BUFFALO, N. Y.—ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AND ESCORT IN FRONT OF THE AMERICAN HOTEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TRAVELLING ON THE SUITE OF THE PRESIDENT.

the assembled crowd. At eight o'clock they reached Rochester, where there were gathered at least five thousand people. Here Mr. Lincoln said a few words expressive of his appreciation of the compliment paid him.

At Clyde he was received with a salute from a cannon and by a shouting and welcoming crowd.

On his arrival at Syracuse there were at least ten thousand persons, and a live eagle was placed on the platform.

Little Falls, Amsterdam, Schenectady, all were passed, the President receiving loud cheers at every town.

At twenty minutes past two the train arrived in Albany, where the Twenty-fifth Regiment, Colonel Bryan commanding, appeared on the ground, and a pathway was opened to the carriages and the platform cleared. Mr. Lincoln then appeared on the platform, and was received with deafening cheers. He was met by Mayor Thacher, who welcomed him in a neat speech. Mr. Lincoln replied in a few appropriate words, carefully avoiding the slightest allusion to politics. He appeared very pale and careworn.

The whole party then took carriages and drove to the Capitol of the Empire State, where Lincoln was conducted to the Executive Chamber, where he was introduced to Governor Morgan, the State officials and his staff. The Governor then led him to the top of the steps of the Capitol, where a storm of applause welcomed the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. The Governor then made a few remarks, to which the President elect replied. Mr. Lincoln then was conducted to the Assembly Chamber. After a few introductions the cortège then proceeded to the Delavan House, attended and cheered by an immense concourse of people. Here the Committee took their leave, and Mr. Lincoln received a few calls from particular friends. He then proceeded, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, to the residence of Governor Morgan to dinner.

After dinner he returned to his quarters at the Delavan House, where, during the evening, he received visits first of ladies and then of male citizens. The Delavan House was crowded to suffocation during the entire evening.

Mr. Lincoln and suite left Albany at eight o'clock on the 19th. The Burghers turned out as an escort, and were much admired. Some of them are the handsomest men in the State. Mayor Thacher, Alderman Johnson, and some other officials conducted the party to the depot.

In consequence of difficulty in crossing the river, the special train was taken up to Waterford junction. Not many persons were out on the line of the road, except in Cohoes and Waterford, in consequence of the early hour at which the train started. At Green Island quite a number of persons assembled, and at Cohoes, the people turned out *en masse*, thousands of factory employees, including a large number of females, welcoming the train with hearty cheers. At Waterford there was also a large assemblage. No stoppages were made at these villages, but the train passed slowly through, affording the crowds an opportunity to gratify their curiosity and give vent to their patriotic feelings.

At Troy.

From Waterford the train proceeded to Troy, where the first stoppage was made. The new and spacious depot was found full to its utmost capacity, apparently fifteen thousand people being congregated inside, and as the train approached, a deafening roar of cheers and shouts greeted the arrival. A raised platform had been prepared to afford the vast crowd a better opportunity to see Mr. Lincoln; and ascending this he was welcomed by Mayor McConaughy. Mr. Lincoln replied very briefly.

From Troy to Hudson.

Mr. Lincoln was conducted to the cars of the Hudson River Railroad. The Troy City Guards surrounded the platform.

Arrival at New York.

At a few minutes to three the great Rail-Splitter arrived at the terminus, Thirty-first street, New York.

Opposite the depot was a raised platform, on a level with the high fence, which had been erected by the employees of the Hudson River Railroad Company, and which was occupied by their families for the purpose of viewing the presidential party as they entered the carriages. In front of the depot in Thirtieth street, the twenty-five carriages supplied by Mr. Van Ranst for the procession were in waiting, as were also two express wagons furnished by Westcott, Dodge & Co., for the conveyance of the baggage of the party. The carriage in which Mr. Lincoln rode was an open barouche, drawn by six beautiful black horses, which were driven by J. L. Hewitt, who also had charge of the Prince of Wales's carriage. One of the baggage wagons was drawn by six white horses, and the other by four black horses.

Escorted by Colonel Sumner and Alderman Cornell, the President elect entered the carriage, into which also ascended Hon. D. Davis, of Illinois, Col. Sumner and Alderman Cornell. The procession then passed down Ninth avenue to Twenty-third street, then to the Fifth avenue, then to Fourteenth street to Broadway, and from Broadway to the Astor House.

There was little enthusiasm but much respect evinced. He was conducted to his rooms at the hotel, and said a few words. In the evening he made a longer address, but of little importance.

Mr. Lincoln at the City Hall.

On Wednesday Mr. Lincoln, attended by a part of his suite, breakfasted at Mr. Moses Grinnell's, and met a select few. It is said that he pretty plainly intimated that he did not intend to adopt the Abolition chair designed by some of his ultra advocates. Our Artist has in the present number shown what sitting on bayonets resembles. Soon after his return from Grinnell's he was taken by Alderman Cornell to the City Hall, where he was received by Mayor Wood in his usual bland manner. The Mayor stood behind the famous writing table of George Washington, and made a short address, full of force and meaning. Mr. Lincoln replied in an equally short but comprehensive speech. Our Artist has sketched the President elect at the minute he is being introduced to the Mayor by Alderman Cornell. The scene was very impressive, for never since the birth of our great Republic has any President been called upon to fill the Presidential chair at so momentous a crisis. It is not too much to say that the history of the world has no parallel to our present juncture.

After this had been completed Mr. Lincoln took his stand at the base of the statue of Washington, and received the citizens of New York. Till twelve o'clock he greeted every comer in the true democratic fashion of shaking hands, and then till one he exchanged the courtesy of a bow, and a few words. Our space will not permit us to quote a tittle of the things, good, bad and indifferent which were interchanged between the great Rail-Splitter and his visitors. This ordeal over, he took leave of Fernando Wood, and returned to the Astor House, where he received a number of his personal friends, among which were our friend Barnum, Colonel Fremont, Fry, and other celebrities.

We must not omit to thank the courteous Janitor of the City Hall, Mr. George W. Roome, for his politeness to our Artist, who was thus enabled to give the public a sketch of this most interesting event. We think it, also, only right to add, that ours was the only illustrated Paper which had an Artist present.

In the evening he visited the Academy of Music, but as we have mentioned this in Our Weekly Gossip we refrain from further remarks. On Thursday, at eight o'clock, he took his departure for Trenton, which he reached at noon. His programme is this:

Leave Trenton at half-past two P.M., and arrive at Philadelphia at four P.M.

Friday, Feb. 22.—Leave Philadelphia at nine A.M., and arrive at Harrisburg at one P.M.

Saturday, Feb. 23.—Leave Harrisburg at nine A.M., and arrive at Baltimore at one P.M.; and arrive at Washington at half-past four P.M.

We conclude our brief accounts of the Lincoln progress with the following little domestic incident at Poughkeepsie: Mrs. Lincoln, who was recognized in the cars, was warmly welcomed by the crowd. In response she raised the window and returned the salutations of the people. "Where are the children? Show me the children?" cried a loud voice. Mrs. Lincoln immediately called her eldest son to the window, and he was greeted by a hearty cheer. "Have you any more on board?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Lincoln, "here's another," and she attempted to bring a tough, rugged little fellow, about eight years of age, into sight.

But the young representative of the house of Lincoln proved refractory, and the more his mother endeavored to pull him up before the window the more stubbornly he persisted in throwing himself down on the floor of the car, laughing at the fun, but refusing to receive the proffered honor of a reception. So his mother at last was

constrained to give up the attempt to exhibit the "pet of the family."

Arrival of the Vice President.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice President elect, arrived in this city, via the New Haven Railroad, at half-past four P.M., on the 20th. He was received at the depot by a deputation from Republican Clubs of New York and Kings county, who had in waiting a carriage and four horses to convey him to the Astor House. Mr. Hamlin is accompanied by his wife and by a part of the Congressional delegation from Maine. Soon after his arrival at the Astor House he dined privately with Mr. Lincoln, spending over an hour at the table. After dinner he received a deputation from the Young Men's Central Republican Committee. Mr. Hamlin continued his journey to Washington on the 21st.

THE DEMON SPECTRE:

A True Ghost Story of Virginia.

Some years ago, while travelling with a friend through that portion of Virginia which forms the south-west corner of the State, we stopped for a day or two at one of those old-fashioned wayside inns which are now rarely to be met with beyond the boundaries of the Old Dominion. The weather was delightful, the scenery in the neighborhood varied and beautiful, our quarters more than comfortable, and as we had travelled many weary miles without making any lengthened halt, we determined to "put up," as the phrase is, in these parts, and recruit a little before proceeding on our journey, which had originally been undertaken more for pleasure and pastime than with any other object. We had adopted the fashion of the country, and were travelling on horseback, with a change or two of linen stowed away in our saddlebags and an overcoat and umbrella strapped behind, ready for use in case of emergency. Our horses were strong, well gaited and spirited, capable of carrying us safely over roads and through a country but little adapted to any other kind of locomotion, and enabling us to take by-paths and short-cuts through regions but little known abroad, though abounding with objects of remarkable and rare interest.

We had been sojourning with our kind and obliging host of the inn but a day or two, when one morning he informed us that one of his neighbors, who was a candidate for a seat in the State Legislature, would that day give a "fish-fry" to his numerous friends, personal and political, and that we had been invited to attend. Never having witnessed "a real old-fashioned Virginia fish-fry," we gladly accepted the invitation, and were soon on our way, in company with several others, to the place selected for the festival. A ride of a mile or two brought us to the place. It was a beautiful spot of grass, shaded with great oak trees, in one of those beautiful dells which abound in the mountainous regions of Virginia, and near it a clear mountain stream went murmuring and dashing along over its rocky bed.

When we arrived many had already assembled. Rustic tables and seats had been erected, huge fires were blazing in various directions, before which every variety of meat and fowl were roasting, while numerous parties, with line and net, were invading the sparkling waters of the brook for specimens of the finny tribe, with which to give name to the entertainment. Nearly every one present took part in the sport, and thus the greater part of the morning passed away. By noon, large numbers of delicious mountain trout had been caught; they were soon dressed, the tables spread, and all sat down to the tempting repast with appetites well whetted by the pure air and morning's exercise.

After dinner, while the apple-jack and old rye circulated freely, the candidates favored us with their views of State and Federal politics, into which, however, nothing offensive or personal was suffered to intrude, and then the remainder of the evening was spent in horse-racing, cards, social discussions on agriculture and politics, and such other amusements as the time and the place suggested. All passed off as merrily as a marriage bell, and the pleasures of the day would no doubt have been drawn out into twilight and the early hours of the night, had not an approaching storm warned us that it was time to seek shelter elsewhere.

My friend had some short time before accepted an invitation to spend the night with an acquaintance he had met with during the day, and had gone off with him, and I was about taking my solitary way back to the inn when a gentleman, with whom I had been in conversation during the evening, one of those specimens of genuine hospitality almost always to be met with in the Virginia planter, came up and insisted that I should accompany him home. He said that he lived but a short distance off, and urged, as an additional reason, that the approaching storm would overtake me before I could make half the distance to my place of destination. The argument was conclusive, and I gladly accepted his kind invitation. A short ride brought us to his mansion. It was a large, old-fashioned two story brick house, consisting of a centre building, with two extensive wings, one of which was used as a kitchen and servants' hall. The building stood on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of the rich lowlands that surrounded it, and shaded by a magnificent grove of fine old forest trees. Supper was soon announced, and, after having done ample justice to the tempting fare set before us, we adjourned to the front yard to enjoy a cigar, accompanied by the fair lady of the house.

The threatened storm had passed by, and instead of coming over, as we had anticipated, was sweeping along a distant mountain ridge, much to the regret of my friend, who informed me that the tobacco crop stood greatly in need of rain. Various topics were introduced and discussed as we sat thus sipping our mint-juleps and puffing our highly-perfumed havanas, until at length we got upon the subject of dreams, supernatural visions and ghosts. I had never been a believer in such things, and expressed myself so very freely.

"No," said I, in reply to my friend's wife, who asked me if I had ever seen anything of the kind, "ghosts and hobgoblins have had their day, and, like other superstitions of a barbarous and ignorant age, have passed away with the great cause which usually engenders such beliefs; and like the idle tales of witchcraft, definitions and so forth, of former times, would have been forgotten long ago but for the pernicious teachings of colored servants, who are probably superstitious, and with whom children are too often heedlessly left by their parents."

My friend was silent and looked grave, while his wife looked at me with an expression so peculiar as to attract my attention. At length he said,

"I do not think any one who knew me a year or two ago would have charged me with possessing any inordinate share of superstition, and yet it is said that this very house in which we live is haunted—" and then, after a pause, in which he seemed evidently striving hard to bring himself to the acknowledgment, he said, "and I believe it!"

I was much astonished at the acknowledgment, and looked at him closely to see if he was in earnest. He was very pale, and seemed evidently troubled for a moment, and yet he was a man of superior intellect, well educated and refined, and in mental capacity much above the ordinary standard. My curiosity was much excited to know by what combination of circumstances a man like him should have become so fully possessed with what I could not help thinking was a very childish belief, and after some persuasion, in which I was seconded by his wife, he consented to gratify me. The ordinary bedtime story having arrived, the lady arose and bid us good night. After she had retired, we replenished our juleps, lit a fresh cigar, and having resumed our comfortable armchairs, my friend began.

"I have always," he said, "resided in this neighborhood; having been born on a farm about twenty miles from here. When I was a boy I remember frequently to have heard it said that this place was the theatre of strange and unaccountable sights and sounds, and was even at that day known as the haunted house. There was a dark tale of crime connected with one of the previous owners of the place, but as the circumstances had occurred long years before, and the man had since died, it had in a great measure been forgotten except by the older inhabitants of the neighborhood. Like many of the young men of my State I was sent at an early age to a Northern College, where I remained until my education was completed, only returning home for short periods each year during the vacation. On my final return home, after graduating, I found that the old stories about this place had been revived. The house had remained shut up for a long time, but had finally fallen into the hands of a new owner. This gentleman repaired the buildings, and had taken possession of the premises but a short time when he suddenly broke up his establishment, offered the place for sale, and removed from the neighborhood. Another purchaser was soon found, but in a few months he also left nearly as suddenly as his predecessor, without assigning any reason for his strange haste.

The place was again and again sold with nearly the same result, until finally no new purchaser could be found. It was then offered for rent, but no tenant would remain in the house longer than a few weeks, sometimes only a few days, throwing up their leases, and often submitting to quite serious pecuniary losses for the sake of getting off. It again began to be rumored that strange and mysterious sights and sounds were of frequent occurrence there, and that the annoyance arising therefrom was so great that no one could be found willing to submit to it. The place was finally offered free of rent to any one who could be found who was willing to remain, and finally the place was deserted, and the house again shut up. It had remained in this condition for some years when it was once more put up at auction. I attended the sale. There were but few persons present, and no bidders. Seeing that no one seemed disposed to buy, I bid what under ordinary circumstances would have been considered a very small sum for the estate, and was much astonished to find that after a few minutes it was "knocked down to me."

"Several of my neighbors jestingly congratulated me upon my 'splendid purchase,' and wished me joy in my future abode among the ghosts and evil spirits of the place.

"Being at that time a bachelor, but little preparation was needed in the way of repairs, fixing up, &c., and I soon found myself the occupant of my new home.

At first I used often to think of the stories I had heard of the place, especially when alone at night. But as days and weeks and months passed without seeing or hearing anything supernatural or unusual, I at length came to the conclusion that all that had been said was only the result of gross ignorance and superstition magnified by timidity and cowardice. I had absolutely seen nothing, and the long nights of winter passed without other sound than that produced by the howling of the wind about the chimney tops, or the scampering of rats through the empty rooms of my 'Bachelors' Hall.'

"About this time I was married. I had newly furnished the house, and every thing was gotten in readiness for the reception of my bride. That room," pointing to the windows of one just above our heads, "being the most convenient and pleasant chamber in the house, I had fitted up with extra care for our sleeping apartment. My wife's family lived in an adjoining county. We were married in the morning, and immediately after the ceremony came over to this place, accompanied by our mutual friends. I had invited several of our neighbors to spend the evening with us, and most of us had retired to our rooms to prepare to receive our company (it was then about early candlelight) when the whole house was startled by a loud report like the discharge of a pistol, followed by a terrified scream from the ladies assembled in my wife's room. Everybody hastened to the spot. We found the ladies in a terrible state of alarm. They told us that while completing their toilets they were gaily chatting together when they were all startled by the explosion, which had taken place immediately in the room they were occupying. My wife had been sitting at the time before a large full-length mirror, placed between the two front windows of the room, with her back turned towards it, and upon examination they had found the mirror broken into a thousand pieces, and the fragments scattered over the floor. There, true enough, were the scattered fragments of the glass, but after a careful search nothing further could be found. We, however, assured the ladies that the accident could be easily accounted for—that the wooden frame of the mirror had shrunk by having a fire lighted in the room, and that the breaking of the glass from that cause had produced the explosion. Though I must confess that several of us, and myself among the number, were not at all satisfied with our own explanation. The reason assigned seemed, however, to allay the fears of the ladies, and the evening passed off without any further incident.

"A few nights after my wife awoke in great alarm. She told me that she had been awoken from a sound sleep by hearing a noise in the room, that she had listened and had heard the tones of a female voice pleading apparently with some one, with great earnestness of manner, accompanied with frequent groans and sobs. That a rough, harsh voice seemed to reply, though neither were sufficiently distinct for her to catch any of the words. She was greatly agitated, and it was some time before I could soothe her, and I utterly failed to convince her that she was mistaken. Afterward this thing was of frequent occurrence. At length one night she awoke me in a fearful state of agitation and alarm, crying, 'Look—look there!' I looked in the direction indicated, and fancied I saw something resembling a thin white mist rapidly moving across the further end of the room. In a moment I was wide awake, and endeavored to persuade her that it was on y fancy; but I could not divest myself of the idea that I had myself seen something not altogether natural. My wife told me that she had been awakened some short time before by what seemed to be an earnest conversation between two persons in the passage near our door; presently the door seemed to open, and a figure dressed in white glided in and paused for a moment near the foot of the bed. The form was that of a young female; her hair was long and dishevelled, her look wild and terrified, and in her arms she carried the body of a dead infant. She cast a most imploring look at my wife. At that moment she called me, when the figure at once moved off and disappeared on the opposite side of the room. Again and again the same occurrence took place, and each time my wife seemed more and more alarmed. I tried still to persuade myself that it was mere fancy on her part. I had as yet seen nothing unusual myself, except the occurrence above mentioned, although I must confess I had more than once heard sounds that could not easily be accounted for. We had now been married several months, and my wife was in that interesting condition in which ladies, and especially very young ones, are apt to have all sorts of strange imaginations. Her excitement was at times very great, so much so that I became seriously alarmed for her safety. I could not convince her that she had not seen a supernatural vision, and, as it only seemed to visit her in that room, I determined to change our sleeping apartment to another part of the house. We accordingly removed into the far wing where you see those lights. After that I was delighted to find that she was not again troubled.

"Some months passed by, and as nothing was heard of the ghost we began almost to believe that it was only fancy after all, when an old friend of mine came to visit us. Our former room being decidedly the most comfortable and best furnished room in the house, was selected as his chamber while with us. The day after his arrival, while at breakfast, he asked if some of the family had not been sick during the night, as he had heard a great deal of noise as of persons walking about, and at times groans and other indications of distress. I told him that he had been awakened some short time before by what seemed to be an earnest conversation between two persons in the passage near our door; presently the door seemed to open, and a figure dressed in white glided in and paused for a moment near the foot of the bed. The form was that of a young female; her hair was long and dishevelled, her look wild and terrified, and in her arms she carried the body of a dead infant. She cast a most imploring look at my wife. At that moment she called me, when the figure at once moved off and disappeared on the opposite side of the room. Again and again the same occurrence took place, and each time my wife seemed more and more alarmed. I tried still to persuade myself that it was mere fancy on her part. I had as yet seen nothing unusual myself, except the occurrence above mentioned, although I must confess I had more than once heard sounds that could not easily be accounted for. We had now been married several months, and my wife was in that interesting condition in which ladies, and especially very young ones, are apt to have all sorts of strange imaginations. Her excitement was at times very great, so much so that I became seriously alarmed for her safety. I could not convince her that she had not seen a supernatural vision, and, as it only seemed to visit her in that room, I determined to change our sleeping apartment to another part of the house. We accordingly removed into the far wing where you see those lights. After that I was delighted to find that she was not again troubled.

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only power left me was to see, and my eyes followed every motion of the spectre.

Presently it moved towards the window and stood for some minutes gazing out into the moonlight. Then it turned again and approached the bed so close that I could feel the cold and chilling damp of the grave cloths upon me. Gazing still in my eyes it stretched forth its long skeleton arm and hand—a hand upon which the grave worms had done their office, and reaching forward placed it upon my face. The touch sent a chilling pang of horror, though it was my marrow. My blood froze, my heart stood still. I could stand it no longer. With one wild scream and a tremendous bound I sprang from the bed.

It was broad daylight. The sun was shining full into my room, and my friend stood beside me. He had entered some time before, with true hospitality bringing me a glass of his favorite beverage, and finding me in a sound sleep had hesitated for some time to awaken me, and in the meantime had left me to suffer from an attack of nightmare, induced, no doubt, by the "fish-fry" and the hearty supper of the night before.

PERSONAL.

Such has been the unhappy effect of our national troubles upon travel, that the proprietors of that fine hotel, the Girard House, Philadelphia, have announced their intention of closing it on the 1st March.

The Buffalo *Courier* says that Capt. Brennan, who commands, in the name of the Federal Government, one of the Florida Forts, is the husband of the lady whose mysterious disappearance some three or four years ago caused so much sensation. It also adds that the lady in question is married to Mr. Wyman, with whom she eloped. They are living in Florence.

Mr. FREDERICK GRANT, the well-known sculptor, has nearly finished the marble sarcophagus intended for the remains of Henry Clay. It is of fine white marble.

The complete editions of Morris and Willis's poetical works are published in the neat and elegant blue and gold style, at seventy-five cents a volume. Either of these books can be had (free of postage) by remitting seventy-five cents, in stamps, to the *Home Journal* office, 107 Fulton street, New York.

RALPH H. AVERY, of Oneida county, N. Y., has sent Old Abe a turkey. It weighs eighty-one pounds. It will be on exhibition at Barnum's for a few days. Why doesn't the Prince of Showmen cook it? If it were a goose he would, for we know it is sound on the goose question, and can cook any man's goose for him without any trouble.

THE OPENING OF THE BASE BALL SEASON.—The opening season of the Juniors will be commenced by a certain number of clubs, who are all to play the same day for the prize ball. The winning club will have to play all matches which the Committee on Championship may decide, due notice of which will be given in the leading base ball papers of New York and Brooklyn. The following is the Committee on Championship: John W. Dickens, Nassau Club, chairman; Daniel Mansfield, Mystic; F. H. Cowperthwait, Resolute; Geo. L. Hammond, Niagara; C. D. Walker, Active. The ball, which is made of silver, and weighs about eight ounces, was manufactured by the well-known firm of Wood & Hughes, of Fulton street, and engraved by Messrs. Horner & Van Senn, 71 Nassau street, and is intended to be the champion ball of the National Association of Junior Base Ball players.

Mrs. CATHERINE GRACE GORE died on the 29th, in her sixty-first year. She was the widow of Col. Gore, of the British army. She has written about two hundred volumes of fictions, travels, &c. It is a curious fact that one of her best-known novels, the "Banker's Wife," was dedicated to Sir John Dean Paul, of the defaulter firm of Strahan, Paul & Co. In this story she painted just such a career of fraud, varnished over with sanctimoniousness, as Sir John Dean Paul's ultimately turned out to be; but in the dedication she expressly referred to the contrast between the character of her imaginary fraudulent banker and that of the banker to whom she inscribed her novel. Mrs. Gore lost much of her property by the failure of her trusted friend. Mrs. Gore's first work, published in 1823, was entitled, "Theresa Marchmont, or the Maid of Honor," and since that, till within a few years of her death, she was in constant communication with the public. But her writings are necessarily ephemeral. Treating in measured conventional style of fashionable life, her works, notwithstanding a certain sprightliness and faithful delineation of English society, have been of late years superseded by the passion of the Charlotte Bronte school, by the genial humor and sympathy of Dickens, by the telling satire of Thackeray, or the manly vigor of Kingsley and the later novelists. Mrs. Gore was an admirable talker, and happy in her social and domestic relations. One of her daughters, who was with her at her death, is married to an English baronet, and her son was one of the suite of the Prince of Wales during his late visit to this country.

Mrs. JEANNETTE RIKER, widow of the famous Dickey Riker, the Recorder, *par excellence*, died on Sunday, in her seventy-ninth year.

PROF. SAMUEL ELIOT, formerly of Boston, has accepted the office of President of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., which was tendered to him some time ago. The appointment is a subject of congratulation to the friends of Trinity College.

J. P. ANDER, announced as a "gentleman connected with the American press," is lecturing in England on the "American Revolution of 1860-61." He favors Secession on the ground that the cause of freedom will gain thereby.

QUEEN VICTORIA, besides giving a liberal donation to the starving Coventry weavers and also selecting various specimens of their skill, has just communicated the pattern of a ribbon of Chinese taste and manufacture found in the Summer Palace at Pekin, and ordered some pieces to be woven in the distressed district for her own especial use.

VENI, the composer, will, according to the Milan journals, be elected a deputy to Turin in the new Italian Parliament.

In his new Lectures on London, John B. Gough, unlike Wendell Holmes, has "dared to be as funny as he can." The debut of the quondam temperance advocate as a lecturer on another subject was quite successful on Friday, 18th ult. We understand that Mr. Gough declines to deliver his "London" lectures in churches, upon the grounds that the humorous character of these particular lectures is such as to make a church inappropriate for their delivery.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER lectured on Wednesday at Irving Hall. The subject, "Recent Events in Ireland," Apart from its one-sidedness, it was a brilliant and elaborated effort. There was in it, however, a little too much of the sweet Irish brogue.

GEN. CAUSSEZ, who stormed the Malakoff, is dead.

MARC CAUSSEZ, formerly Chief of Police in Paris, died on the 29th January in Paris. He was banished in 1849 by Louis Napoleon, and, after remaining a short time in England, came to New York. Being included in the late general amnesty, he returned to Paris on the 11th January, in a very bad state of health, and died on the 29th. His funeral was attended by many eminent men, chiefly Red Republicans. He was a man of enormous calibre, being about six feet in height and very stout.

MRS. LANE, whom our beautiful portrait, published in No. 226, has made quite a household divinity, gave her last reception at the White House on Saturday evening, the 16th. It was a most interesting and touching event. Her unaffected manners and intellectuality have endeared her to all. President Buchanan was present. Miss Lane expressed to her numerous guests her regret at her separation from so many kind friends, and received the warmest wishes for her future welfare.

DR. SALTONSTALL, of Bloomfield street, gave a lecture at the Presbyterian Church, Hoboken, on the 20th. It consisted of Recitations from the Poets. It was well attended. The doctor reads with great discrimination and power. Judge Whitley and the chief inhabitants of Hoboken were present.

DRAMA.

Niblo's Garden.—Mr. Forrest, on Monday last, appeared for the first time during his present engagement as Jack Cade, in Judge Conrad's celebrated tragedy of that name. The great tragedian has always been the roughly identified with this role, making it solely and entirely his own; consequently, an audience as crowded as that which greeted him on his opening night some five months ago assembled to witness the wonderful impersonation. The character of Jack Cade, as remodelled by Mr. Conrad, is especially adapted to a popular American audience, and has always held a firm place in the affection of the people. Bold, fearless and determined, placing liberty above all other earthly gifts, the hero's sentiments find a ready echo in every democratic heart, and, when uttered by Mr. Forrest with impassioned eloquence, are received with such applause as is seldom heard within the walls of any theatre.

That "Jack Cade" as a tragedy is lacking in many of the requirements of a great work of art we shall not here pretend to deny; we are well aware that the melo-dramatic element predominates largely, and that the verse too frequently is simply "stagey" where it should be sublime; but in triumphing over these shortcomings lies Mr. Forrest's great success. In the splendor of his bearing, the thrilling earnestness of his grand voice, the exquisite finish of the entire performance, the most radical defects of the work itself are forgotten, or, if remembered, only increase the amazement that from such unpromising material so perfect a work of art could be forthcoming.

The tragedy is well cast—Mrs. Conway especially receiving well-merited applause for her impersonation of Matommie (Cade's wife), and put upon the stage with some care. It will probably be acted on Mr. Forrest's nights for the ensuing week.

Wallack's Theatre.—"Central Park," a comedy in five acts, from the prolific pen of Mr. Lester Wallack, holds possession of the stage at this theatre. It is exceedingly amusing, and serves to fill the house nightly. Of the literary merits of this production we cannot say a great deal that is favorable; but in all probability it was written up for the "title," and with no object in view but to please for the moment by taking advantage of the skating mania. If such was the motive it has proved eminently successful; for, after all, nine-tenths of an audience, if they can enjoy a hearty laugh, never pause to inquire into the merits of the work that excites their risibilities. It is almost useless to add that "Central Park" is capitalley acted; what play ever fares

otherwise at Wallack's? Blake is exquisitely funny; Lester Wallack full of life and vivacity; Miss Gannan most effective, and charming little Miss Henriques confirms the good opinion so laudably expressed after her first appearance some months since; she will prove an invaluable addition to any company.

The play is well mounted, and the scenery, especially the "Park by Moonlight," all that the most exacting could demand. The success of the comedy is pronounced.

Winter Garden.—Mr. James W. Wallack, Jr., as Othello, and Mr. Booth as Iago, on Monday, and vice versa on Tuesday, drew large audiences to this house. We have before this recorded our impressions of Mr. Booth's Iago, and it is not necessary here to repeat them. Of Mr. Wallack's Othello we will only say that the melo-drama, not tragedy, is this artist's forte. It is to be regretted for his own sake that he does not confine himself to the former, in which he has made many genuine successes.

On Monday next Miss Cushman returns to those boards.

Miss Keene still presents the "Seven Sisters" to the public, and what is more remarkable, the public still presents them to the "Seven Sisters." We wonder if this state of things will continue throughout the season?

Professor Hows, whose "Falstaff" the printers last week made us say was full of "emotion, full of fear," when we wrote—wrote very distinctly—"full ofunction, full of fun," generously tendered his valuable services to the Board of Education, and gave one of his admirable readings on Thursday evening, in aid of the Library Fund.

Barnum's Museum.—Mr. Barnum has had another week of crowded levees. On Wednesday he was honored with a visit from the family of the President elect, who expressed great gratification. The new dramatic entertainment is a play founded on Wilkie Collins's novel of the "Woman of White," which was heartily received. In connection with Mr. Barnum's Museum, we refer our readers to the prize rebus which will appear in Frank Leslie's next *Budget of Fun*. It is a triumph of ingenuity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Saturday, the 16th February, a horrible tragedy occurred at Fort Smith, Arkansas. A party of five overland mail and Little Rock coach-drivers entered the grocery of a German named Haged. They soon commenced quarreling, and pistols were fired. The barkeeper and the keeper of the saloon were shot, one dead and the other mortally wounded. The men were arrested, and will be tried for the murders without delay. An attempt was made to lynch them, but the authorities were too prompt and strong for the mob.

On Friday, the 15th, a most miraculous escape from death occurred. The son of Officer Wilson, aged about four years old, took advantage of his mother's absence to steal to the roof of the house. The mother, missing him, was about to search for him, when she heard a cry in the street. He had actually fallen from the roof of the house, which was four stories high, and the child, in falling, went through a tin awning, making a hole similar to that which might have been made by cannon ball. The child does not seem a bit the worse.

A young vocalist, while singing at the Galettes last week, happened to go too near the footlights. Her dress immediately took fire, and although every effort was made to extinguish the flames, she died a few days afterwards of her injuries. She was only seventeen, and the sole support of her widowed mother and sisters. The jury severely censured the proprietor of the Galettes for not having proper guards to the lights. In such cases a deadhand should be levied for the benefit of the sufferer.

There is much in Philadelphia to make its rectangular bipeds proud of it. In addition to great "brotherly love," there is great love of the Tariff. Now and then a little incident occurs calculated to outshine everything. The Philadelphia *Ledger* relates a case in point. In a palatial dwelling, not a hundred miles from Chestnut street, a fancy ball was given. A young and gushing thing from the South made her appearance dressed in white satin, in which Palmetto leaves were sown. Her head-dress had a single star in the centre, and her fair fingers grasped the Secession banner. The rectangular bipeds, including Dr. Sheldon Mackenzie, the man of Feeling, frowned. Later in the evening a young lady appeared dressed as Columbia. Her dress was a star and stripe pattern. In her hand she carried the flag of Thirty-four Stars. When she saw her sister South Carolina, she wrested the Palmetto flag from her hand and broke it with the staff of her banner. The Philadelphia *Ledger* adds that the act was loudly applauded by all who saw it. We shall be sorry to believe this to be true, for the Thirty-four Starred lady had no more business to assault her Palmetto sister than she had to trample the tricolor under her feet. We hope the lady in question will explain or deny in *toto*.

Some disreputable Southerners are doing a very handsome bit of rascality. When they want to get rid of a partner or a clerk to whom they are indebted, they get up a report that he is opposed to Secession, and the poor fellow has forthwith to fly for his life. A Mr. Gardner has been served this trick. Gov. Pickens should inquire into these infamous proceedings.

On Saturday night, the 16th, a violent tempest burst over New York. The rain fell in torrents, and the lightning and thunder were very heavy. Such phenomena at this time is very rare.

The butchers of Washington Market subscribed nearly \$200 on Saturday last towards the sufferers in Kansas. There are not a kind race of men living than the butchers. It arises, possibly, from their being so well-fed. Half-starved men are generally unfeeling.

Dr. SOLIER lectured on Monday at the hall of the Historical Society on Syria. The proceeds were for the benefit of the family of the excellent and learned Dr. Schroeter, whose recent decease was so deeply regretted by the intelligent public. Schroeter's magnificent map of Syria, thirty feet square, was exhibited.

On Monday Judge Ogden pronounced sentence of death upon Wm. Abson, the wife poisoner, at the Hudson County Court. The crowd was enormous, but through the judicious arrangements of Sheriff Francis, no accidents occurred. The judge, in performing his stern duty, dwelt upon the stolid indifference of the prisoner. Abson denied his guilt most emphatically, and laid the blame on Dr. Booth. Judges Fink and Pope were seated on the bench with Judge Ogden. Abson is sentenced to be hanged on the 10th April.

At Cleveland, Ohio, the President elect showed a susceptibility to whiskers and women. He asked for the address of a lady who had written to him urging him to let his hirsute appendages grow. She was found, and Abe was happy.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire broke out on the morning of the 29th ult. in the large marble warehouse, Nos. 29 and 31 Park place. It was extinguished without much damage to the building, but the stock of Chapman, Lyon & Noyes, importers of fancy goods, occupying the four upper floors, was consumed. Their loss is about \$70,000. That of Messrs. Watson & Co., who occupied the first floor and basement, was not large. Both were fully insured.

The scandal-mongers of Williamsburg have been greatly exercised for the past few days by an assault and battery and flouring affair, that was said to have resulted from an attempt to levy black mail. On the 14th ult. Mr. H. Summersill, of No. 128 Grand street, received a note from a Miss Annie E. Cook, with the request that he would meet her in the evening on the corner of South Ninth and Sixth streets. Mr. S. gave the note to Mr. John Cassidy and one or two other gentlemen, requesting that they would keep the appointment and see what was wanted. Mr. Cassidy and his friends readily undertook the commission. As was expected, the lady was at the place of appointment. Mr. C approached her and inquired if she was the lady who had requested an interview with Mr. Summersill; she inquired if his name was Cassidy. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she poured upon him a torrent of abuse that would have astonished weak nerves, and the gentleman rapidly beat a retreat. At a later period of the evening, and while Mr. Cassidy was standing in front of a cigar store in Grand street, Miss Cook again approached him, and drawing a paper of flour from her muff threw it at him. Mr. C. retreated into the cigar store, and was there met by a man named Millett, who is said to be a confederate of Annie. Millett charged Cassidy with insulting Miss Cook, and struck him several severe blows about the face and head, for which he was subsequently arrested. He was arraigned before Justice Walter on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Cassidy, to which complaint Millett pleaded guilty, and was let off with a fine of five dollars and the costs of court.

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As an illiterate person who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overheard once a hint to that effect, replied,

"Other gentlemen puts down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

A YOUNG, quiet, sensible, good-looking country lass was asked what she thought of "snuffing and smoking."

"Well," she replied, "snuffing is abominable; but I would like man to be a smoker."

"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Oh, because I see when my father comes home ever see cross, as sure as he gets the pipe light, and begins a blast, he's a pleased again."

A FRENCHMAN who had learned English wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to a lady, whose dress was fawn-colored, and that of her daughter pink.

"Madame," said he, "your daughter is the pink of beauty."

"Ah, monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter," said the lady.

"No, madame, I only do speak the truth," said he, "and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the pink, and your ladyship the drab of fashion!"

It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his retort.

Mrs. PARTINGTON having heard that the Huguenots were Protestants, says she supposes then that Luther composed the "Huguenots," and Calvin wrote the libretto.

A POWERFUL MEMORY.—There is said to be living in Winchester a man who is possessed of such a powerful memory, that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember" the poor.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

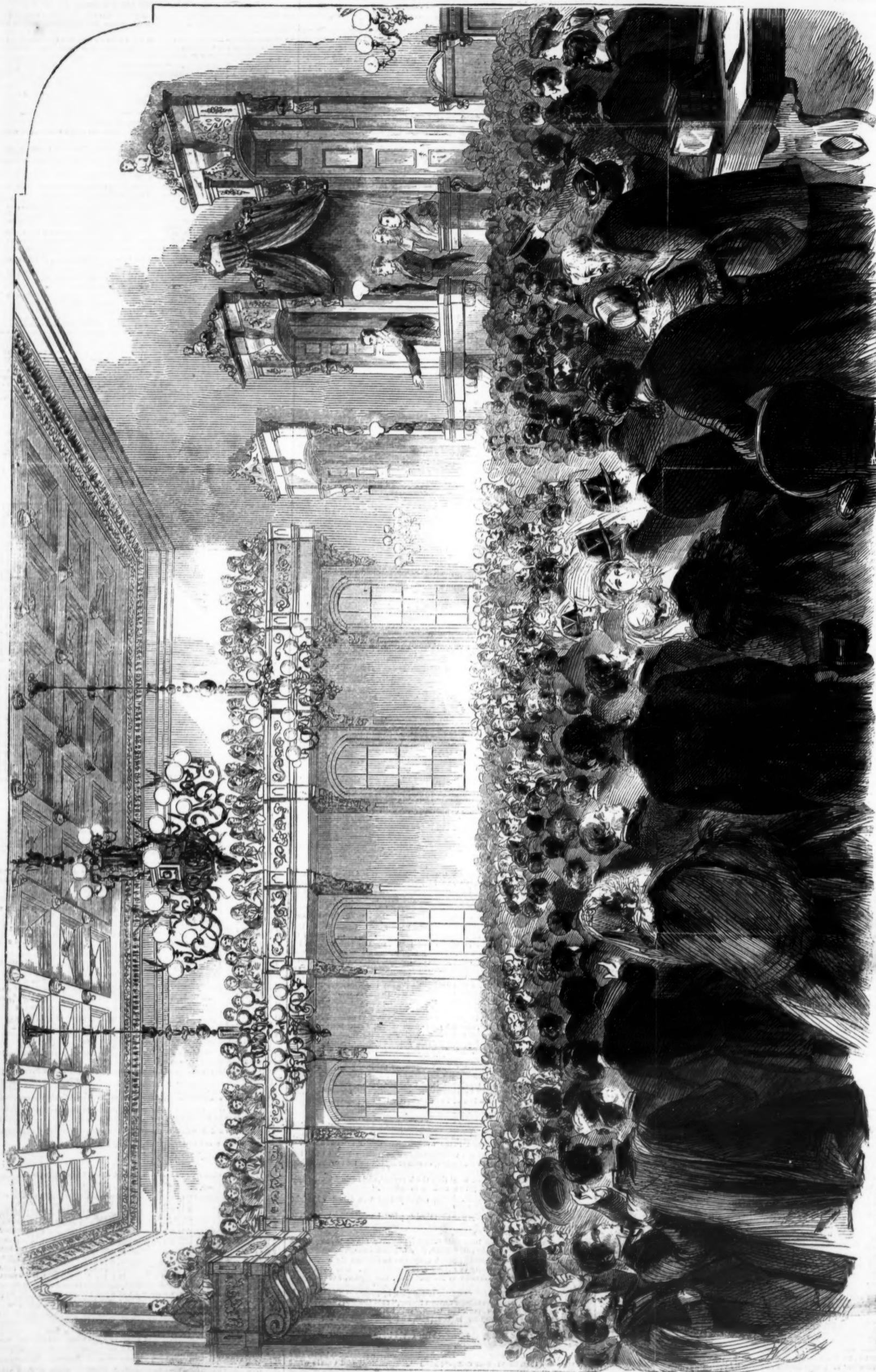
Edited by Michael Phelan.

■■■ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T., Buffalo, N. Y.—It is a mere trick.



THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY—RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT IN THE HALL OF THE LEGISLATURE OF COLUMBUS, OHIO—THE SENATE AND LEGISLATURE IN JOINT SESSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TRAVELING IN THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.—SEE PAGE 226.

SCENES ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

Charleston Harbor, S. C.
Our Artist, with our Correspondent, while on a visit to the Richland Guards, stationed on Sullivan's Island, made many charming sketches during his two days' delightful sojourn with that gentlemanly and hospitable troop.

Of the sketches which we select this week, one represents the officers of the Richland Guards enjoying a sociable hour after dinner on the spacious verandah which encircles their quarters.

The other illustrates an incident which befel our Artist and Correspondent. They were proceeding, with the officer of the night, to visit the several posts, when they were suddenly challenged by a sentry, who demanded the countersign. They were, to use a familiar phrase, "stumped," having strayed apart from their companion, but they were relieved from their difficulty by the arrival of their friend, who gave the necessary password.

"Pass Frank Leslie's Artist and Correspondent!" said the challenger, and they passed.

The scene was one of rare beauty and interest.

THE CLINCH RIFLES

Review, on the Parade Ground of the Arsenal, Augusta, Ga.

Our Artist was fortunately present when Captain C. A. Platt reviewed the Clinch Guards, and we engrave his sketch of this interesting incident. The parade ground of the Augusta Arsenal is one of the finest in America, being nearly a mile square. It is well laid out, and overlooks the city and surrounding country. The view is splendid.

The Clinch Rifles are famous for their efficiency, and considered one of the best Companies in the State, holding the right of the Battalion Volunteer Companies.

They are named after General Clinch, the father of Major Anderson's wife. It was reorganized in 1861 by Captain S. C. Wilson, a veteran of the Florida War. It is at present commanded by Captain C. A. Platt.

CONGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

In Session at Montgomery, Alabama.

Should the present unhappy difficulties not be arranged, the meeting of the First Congress of the Southern Confederacy will become an historical event of the highest importance. We therefore present to our readers a sketch of this memorable assemblage in full deliberation. In another part of our paper we have detailed the Inauguration of President Davis.

VISIT TO GARIBALDI.

In connection with the two pictures in our last number, representing the island home of Garibaldi, the following letter from a Scotch gentleman, who has recently paid the Liberator a visit, will be found interesting. It is dated from the Island of Magdalena, the nearest one to Caprera. The writer is Mr. John M'Adam, of Glasgow:

"I found this truly great man surrounded by his own family, his brother, a frank, hardy sea captain, and a few friends, discussing freely the incidents of the times, on which cunning, probably not wiser, men would have affected mystery. I was welcomed by Garibaldi in a manner which becomes a great man, and puts a plain man like myself at ease. He did honor to the good men who had sent me on this mission, when he placed me at every meal next himself, and pointed out my bed as one of the two in his own room. I accepted this honor proudly and gratefully—pride in the country of which Garibaldi could not speak too often, for the moral aid, even more than the material assistance, which it had rendered to Italy; and with gratitude to my countrymen who had sent me with their assurance of their abiding interest in him and his country in the coming crisis. Seeing that he was deeply engaged with his immense monthly receipt of letters, I left him with his two secretaries, to take a quiet survey of his island home. And as you are aware of the apprehension entertained in Britain as to any sudden attack on him, I scrambled up the highest dividing ridges to see whether facilities existed for his enemies from the opposite coast. The people here laugh at the idea of any body of men being found daring enough to attack him in front, and by any other way it would take a body of men hours to work their way, even in daylight, over the granite rocks, which, sea-worn and honey-combed to their very summits, are evidently of volcanic origin.

"During the day the General was very much engaged, but towards evening he mixed with his friends, and conversed freely; and when by ourselves in his own room, feeding the fire with roots—his only fuel—he spoke feelingly and warmly for the British people, and the stand made by Lord John Russell in favor of Italy. After supper, more writing, then to bed, where for hours he sat dictating to his two secretaries. I dropped over to sleep, and when I awakened all was quiet; but some hours before daybreak, I was at work with them again, and so continued until two hours after daybreak. I mention

this mainly to explain how much he has to do, and to excuse him for any disappointment to his correspondents. Signora Terese, the General's daughter, is a very pleasant and unaffected young lady, but she speaks no English, neither does her brother Mennotti; he is taller than his father, has very much the look of a fine young sailor, in his red shirt and bronze, not dark, complexion; he bids fair to be a very strong man, is now twenty years of age, and you are aware has already distinguished himself in the late campaigns. Nothing pleased me more than his modesty and self-possession in the various circumstances which I saw him placed in among his father's friends, both at home and elsewhere. When I left the General, he made me assure my friends that he trusted in better times to come among them, and thank them for what they had done for his country, and to thank Joseph Cowen and the men of Newcastle for his sword and the telescope, which he has used through all the battles. I will reserve his remarks on the present circumstances of Europe for the consideration of the committee for whom I am acting; suffice it for the public that he is anxious but hopeful."

LADY FRANKLIN AT PANAMA.

On the 21st ult. the United States steamer St. Louis arrived in this port, sixty days from New York, with Lady Franklin, wife of the late Sir John Franklin, and her niece, Miss Cracroft, on board. On the 22d her ladyship visited Aspinwall, and met with a most cordial reception from Col. Totten and other gentlemen belonging to the Panama Railroad Company. She was well pleased with her trip across the Isthmus; and also visited the Island of Toboga, which is about nine miles distant from this city. On the evening of her arrival, Com. Wm. D. Porter, in company with some of his officers, waited on her ladyship, and offered his boat to her service, for which she expressed her thanks, and remarked that she would like to pay a visit to Old Panama on the 23d. On that morning Com. Porter sent his gig alongside of the St. Louis, in charge of his secretary, and at about eleven o'clock A.M. her ladyship and Miss Cracroft embarked. The gig then returned to the St. Marys, and her commander joined the party. The day was exceedingly warm, but the heat did not seem to affect her ladyship, as she kept up a most lively conversation, and seemed in excellent spirits. There was a very heavy swell in the bay, and it was an impossibility for her ladyship to disembark, for, as the party neared the shore of Old Panama, the surf arose to such an extent that any boat would have been dashed

Captain's Secretary on board, Graham of H.B.M.S. Mutine.

THE ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS.

ABOUT the year 1837, Sir John Fenwick, of Fenwick Hall, England, married Clara Seymour. She was the daughter of a poor Cumberland clergyman, and of course brought to the union neither money nor influence. But she was beautiful and most amiable, and for seventeen years her husband loved her with a most passionate love. But at the end of that time two sisters of Sir John, despairing of what they had long hoped for—the death of his only son and heir, the true hero of this story—persuaded Sir John that his wife had confessed to them that her son was the offspring, not of her husband, but of a foreigner with whom, even during the honeymoon, she had intrigued at Paris. Overlooking in his rage the obvious interest his sisters had in deceiving him, Sir John banished both mother and son from his house. The former, after many painful vicissitudes, died, having previously sent her son to one of her relatives, settled on an extensive ranch or farm on the borders of Texas. While residing there he was carried into captivity by the Indians, from whom he escaped, penniless and half naked; and we next find him in a lawyer's office, and subsequently in that of the Clinton *Herald* newspaper. Here he made his mother's wrongs and his own claims known, was taken in hand by the British Consul at Chicago, and by that gentleman introduced to the Prince of Wales, who, being convinced of the truth of his story, took him with him to England. Arrived there, John Fenwick, the younger, proceeded at once to Fenwick Hall, and there found that one of his evil aunts was dead and that the other was fast dying, and in her agony of penitence or terror had confessed the whole thing to Sir John, who soon after died, and the hero of this story, now Sir John Fenwick, Bart., writes most affectionately to his American friends, sends presents to most of them, and in his letter to the most favored of them says: "The package I send you will, I hope, entirely clear you of debt and make you independent for life."

FORTY MEN LOST IN THE SNOW IN ENGLAND.

PERHAPS no more severe weather was ever experienced on the Yorkshire moors than that which prevailed during the past week.

The snowstorms were continuous and heavy, occasionally attended with thunder; and in some of the valleys the drifts of snow are still twenty feet deep. All traffic was stopped, and the partridges and grouse were driven off the moors by scores, and were picked up in the streets of Maltby half dead with cold and hunger. Vast numbers of crows and other birds are found dead.

The works on the Rosedale railway, now in course of formation, have been entirely suspended, and the laborers reduced to great distress. Forty of these men were driven from the works to seek shelter at the Eskill Huts, on the bleak moors, where it seems they were snowed over and could not escape. Their continued absence caused a search-party to set off over the moors, and by dint of great labor a passage was made to the huts, where, on the door being opened, the poor fellows were found in a very exhausted condition. They had been prisoners for two days and nights, and had eaten their last provisions and used their last fuel.

THE WINTER IN LONDON.

The scene on the Serpentine on Wednesday night was even more striking than any we had before witnessed. Nearly 1,000 yards, from the cascade to the bridge, were studded with tents, amusement courts, several military conical tents, fires in large iron machines for "deviling" shops, steaks, &c. Thousands of persons formed themselves into procession, headed by a band of bell-ringers and a brass band, and after passing up and down the river for some time, the skaters going through some extraordinary evolutions, such as fast skating, fancy skating, quadrilles, and the "Female Volunteer Battle Race," &c., the whole



THE RICHLAND RIFLES ENJOYING THE "AFTER-DINNER-HOUR," AT THEIR QUARTERS ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOUR, S. C.
FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.



MOONLIGHT SCENE ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR—THE SENTRY CHALLENGING FRANK LESLIE'S SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT, WHO WERE GUESTS OF THE RICHLAND RIFLES—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.

to pieces if it ventured to land. Com. Porter gave orders to keep the boat in as close as practicable to shore, for the purpose of showing her ladyship the old tower and ruins, and at the same time directed the boat's head to be kept to the surf, on which her ladyship wisely remarked, "If the boat is headed to the surf there is no cause to fear." She was delighted with the scenery and old ruins, and seemed not the least daunted while the boat was ploughing through the surf which was running very high. She was pleased as well as interested in information given by Com. Porter in regard to New Granada. The party returned to Panama City, where there was a carriage in waiting to receive her ladyship and Miss Cracroft. When expressing thanks to Com. Porter and his secretary for their attention, &c., while visiting Old Panama, Com. Porter remarked, "Lady Franklin, we sailors must be attentive to sailor's wives." Her ladyship spent the rest of the day in driving around Panama and its suburbs, and unfortunately the carriage broke down, and on a gentleman expressing his fears for her safety, she laughingly replied, "Oh, it is nothing; I am used to such accidents, as I have met with them frequently." Fortunately neither of the ladies were hurt by this mishap. On the 24th her ladyship visited the flagship Lancaster, and was much pleased with the vessel, and expressed a desire to hear the band play the "Red, White and Blue," which was performed in a manner that would credit Jullien or Dodworth. On the 25th the St. Louis sailed for San Francisco with her ladyship and suite on board. Before her ladyship's departure, she presented Mr. W. G. Overend, with a book, also one to Capt. Graham of H.B.M.S. Mutine.

party returned at "railway speed" to the east end of the river, and having formed themselves into military companies, they went through various exercises, and at length the word of command was to "advance." The ladies, the gentlemen and the roughs then wheeled first to the right, then to the left, and, having formed themselves into an immense square, the sport of the night began. A royal salute having been fired, the bellringers and the brass band struck up "God Save the Queen," after which fireworks, consisting of nearly 1,500 serpents, crackers, squibs, &c., were discharged at one time. The first attack, a very dangerous one, was upon the spectators on the north and south shores, and several persons were injured by the fireworks striking them in the face and eyes. A great number of persons, probably over a dozen, were conveyed to the Receiving-House with cut heads. The ice is now thirteen inches thick.

A new fashion in ladies' stockings has come out in England. They are of woolen or cotton, but are parti-colored, as red and white, red and black, mauve and gray. When harmonizing in color with the dress, the effect is said to be very pretty.

Marine compasses used on board screw steamers are now made to float on glycerine, as being least affected by heat or cold, and less injurious to the copper hemisphere in which the compass case is made to float.

JOSEPH VEAZIE, of Providence, is willing to subscribe \$1,000, if nineteen others will subscribe a like sum, to try the experiment of raising cotton in Central America.

A "general service of funerals" in France is conducted by a company in Paris, authorized by law, managed by a director, with a fixed tariff of prices.

There are one thousand one hundred and two newspapers and four hundred and eighty-one magazines now published in Great Britain. Nearly one-half of the latter have a religious character.

MR. SILVER, of Philadelphia, is now in Europe, attempting to introduce his plan of a new steamer, six hundred feet long, seventy-six wide, with two paddle engines, separate, and placed on the sides, and two screws to work under the centre. He proposes, with such a vessel, to cross the Atlantic in six days. Mr. Silver is the inventor of the marine governor, which works equally well whatever angle it lies in.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?—From a description of the "Chinese Capital" is extracted the following selection of names of Pekin streets: "Fetid-hide-street, Dog's-tooth-street, Cut-asunder-street, Barbarian-street, Board-of-Punishment-street, Dog's-tail-street, Boat-plank-street, Obedience-street, Water-wheel-street, Cow's-horn-bend-street, Newly-opened-street, Pay-and-Rations-street, Goddess-of-Mercy-Temple-street, Mutton-street, Sugar-place-street, Old-screen-street, Pine-street, Immeasurably-great-street, Prohobscis-street, Handkerchief-street, Stone-tiger-street."

AMERICAN invention continues to resort to the English patent office. Provisional protection for six months has been given to W. H. Stevens and B. R. Norton, of New York, for an improved archer's bow and bow-gun toy; to C. G. Paige, of Washington, for an instrument to improve the sense of hearing; to T. How, of Massachusetts, for an improved construction of bedsteads; to G. Holland, of Connecticut, for an improvement in cleaning, sorting and doubling threads; to E. T. Green, of Massachusetts, for machine work on boot and shoe heels; to William Kennish, of New York, for an improvement in rotary machines, and the application of them to raising water. Notice to proceed has been given to R. Shaler, of Connecticut, in his application relative to improved floor skates.

PLACE on a sheet of white paper a piece of blue silk about four inches in diameter, in the sunshine; cover the centre of this with a piece of yellow silk about three inches in diameter; and the centre of this with a piece of pink silk about two inches in diameter; and the centre of the pink silk again cover with another circle of green silk about one inch in diameter; then cover the centre of the green silk with a circle of indigo about half an inch in diameter; in the centre of the whole make a black dot with a pen. Then look steady for a minute, on this central spot, and closing your eyes, hold your hand about an inch distant before them, and you will appear to see the most beautiful circle of colors that imagination can conceive, which colors will appear not only different from the colors of the silk, but will keep perpetually changing.

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK.—His courtship and marriage belong to the Romance of the Peerage. Travelling in Greece, when a young man, he was attacked with a dangerous fever. Sir E. Lyons, then British Minister to Athens, had the young nobleman removed to the Embassy, where he found an affectionate and devoted nurse in Sir Edmund's youngest daughter, then in her seventeenth year. With returning health and strength, the young patient drank in delicious draughts of a potion prepared by the cunning "archer god." When the young heir to the ducal house sought an interview with Sir Edmund, that high-minded and honorable papa refused to sanction his suit. Sir Edmund did more—he immediately wrote to the parents of his guest, expressing his regret at what had occurred, and his conviction that the heir of the great house of Norfolk ought to find a consort in a nobler and older family than his own. He added that the young traveller was now well enough to be removed from Athens, and suggested that arrangements should be immediately made for his return home. The parents of the young man highly approved of Sir Edmund's conduct, the patient returned to England, and it

was hoped that time and absence would do the rest. But the lover displayed a noble constancy, and found means to overcome the objections of his family to the marriage, which was accordingly solemnized in 1839, the bridegroom being then in his twenty-fourth year, and the bride only eighteen. The union has been a happy one, has been blessed by offspring, and the eldest son, now in his thirteenth year, is Duke of Norfolk. He will be brought up as a strict Catholic.

THE BINDING OF FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER.

We can now furnish uniform covers for Vol. 10 of this newspaper, in black muslin gilt, for fifty cents, or by mail, prepaid, 75 cents. Also the title, copious index and list of engravings, price five cents; or both inclusive, by mail, eighty cents. No. 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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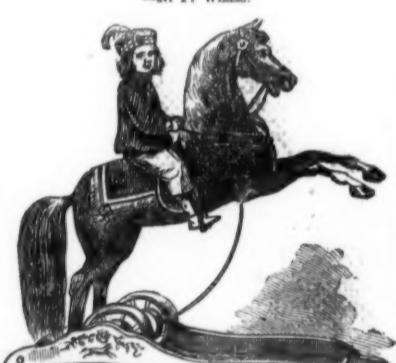
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